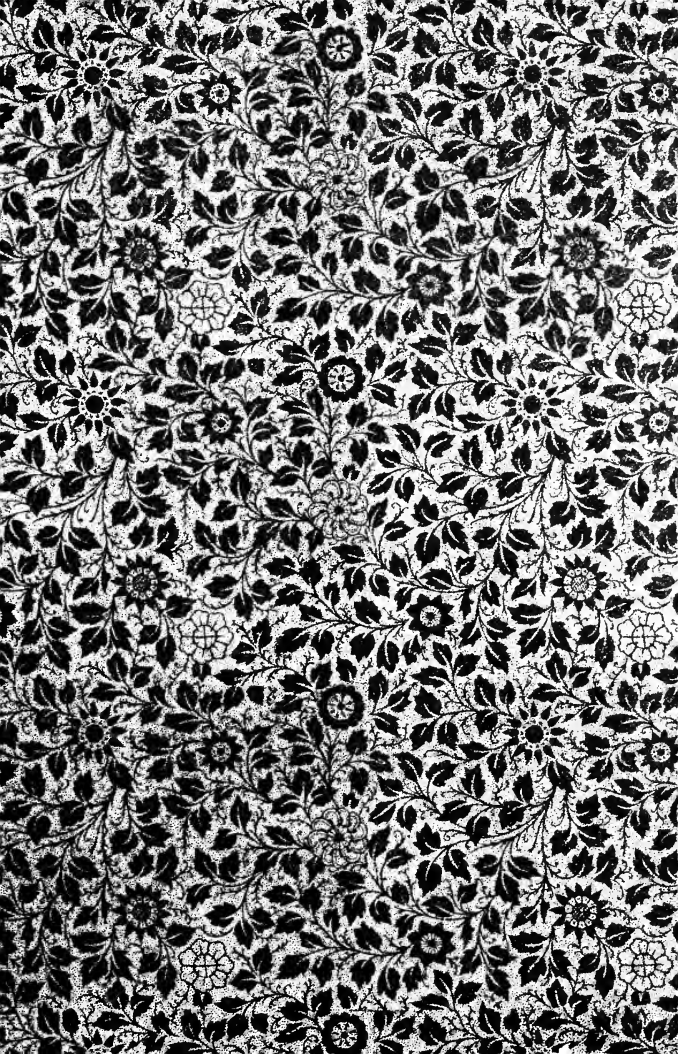


*Says of a Bohemian*

*Robert Sherwood*

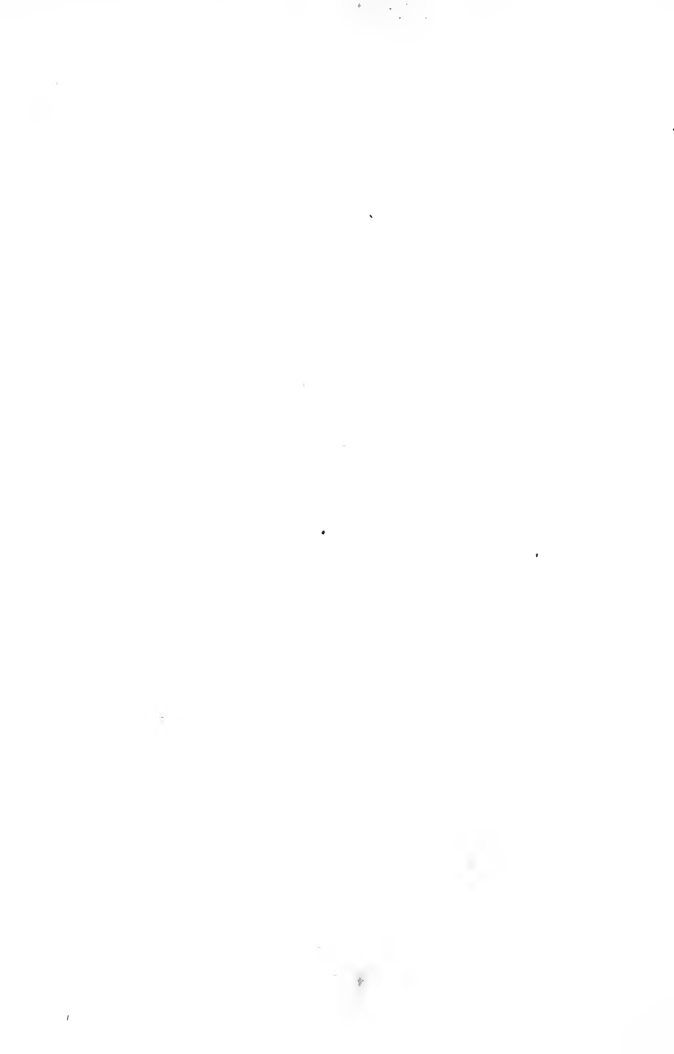


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# THE LAYS

of a

## BOHEMIAN.

---

BEING SOME OF THE METRICAL CONCEITS

OF

SCOTT R. SHERWOOD.

---

So, when my Lays before the Carp—  
My leaves unto the wind—  
I fling, remember that my Harp  
Is tuned to hymn my mind,  
In mood as it reflects a Soul—  
Not your's, but God's alone—  
Of which is cradled here first Foal,—  
If needs, let God atone!

*Bohemian Song, (p. 8.)*

---

BRENTANO BROS., PUBLISHERS,

NEW YORK.

5 UNION SQUARE.

CHICAGO :

101 State Street.

WASHINGTON :

1015 Pennsylvania Ave.

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1885.

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WOOD & BLONDEL PRINTERS,  
NEW YORK

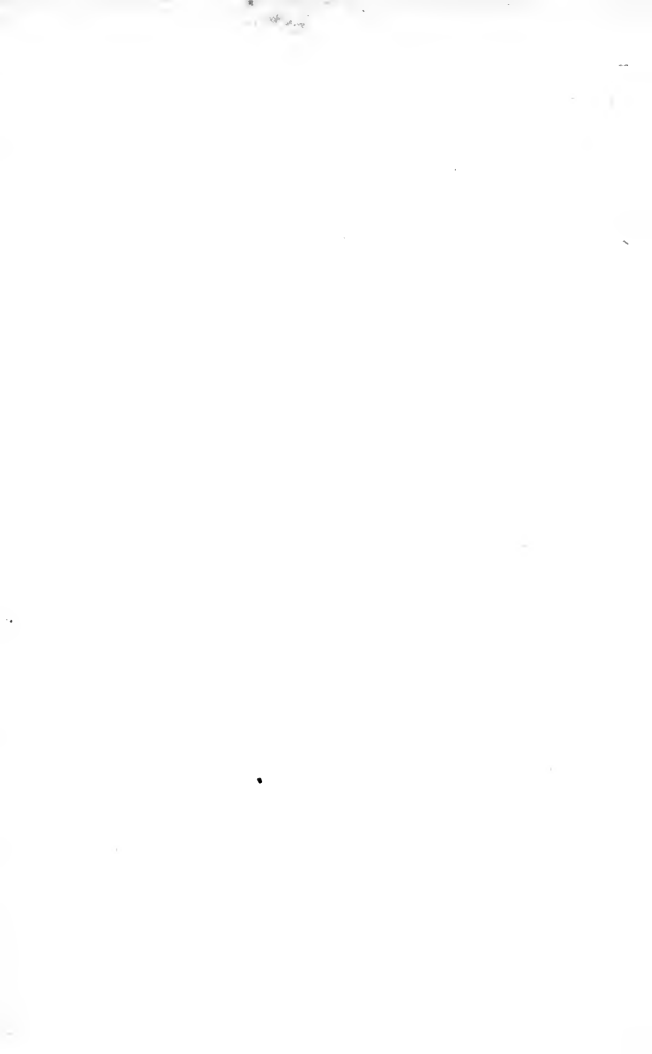


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**Inscribed**

TO THE  
INSPIRATIONS OF THE THOUGHT,  
AND THE  
ASSOCIATIONS OF THE NAME,  
OF  
ANNA FRANCES.

626053



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## PROEM.

---

*Apollo's hest,  
In hour of rest,  
To tune and strike my lyre,  
I here obey—  
The dull work-day  
Abandoning for higher  
Paths than are trod  
By crown or clod  
In sequestered home—  
My fancies free  
From apogee  
To flood to reckless roam—*

*Blue skies to skim,  
Broad oceans swim,  
Bold mountain crests surmount ;  
Through forests glide—  
On Phoebus 'stride—  
Nor verse, nor metre count,  
Since weed and floss  
Each other cross  
In all life's journey through—  
Faint to descry  
Dull human eye  
The false from that is true.*

*My Day of Rest,  
My soul's bequest  
To my adored—the themes  
My heart approves  
Or spirit moves—  
Of thought the fruit, or dreams—  
I sing, and sing—  
Aye wandering—  
By no restrictions bound,  
Content to soar  
Or fall, not more  
Responding for than found.*

*My hours I choose  
In sweet recluse  
For meditation's gifts,  
When dulcet spring  
The chimes that ring  
From grander domes and rifts  
Than steeples pierce,  
Or bishops, fierce,  
With bulls and canons reach—  
The domes that glow  
With sacred flow  
From Lights Jove's Essence preach.*



THE LAYS OF A BOHEMIAN.



BOHEMIAN SONG.

---

I am a true Bohemian;  
I scoff at rote or rule—  
Deem myself good as any man,  
No more or less a fool—  
Live where I am, fare as I may—  
Am pleased with any lot—  
Remember friends, and never lay  
A grudge for them are not.

I love fair face, wherever met;  
Sweet-heart I love still more,  
And pity all who never yet  
Of pity have found store;  
For love and pity true are kin,  
And all my sorrow here  
Is for the many never win  
From fellow-kind a tear.

I favor give to them I like,  
And take from them who please  
To give to me because I strike  
As one who can appease  
The wish of sympathy—that glows  
In every human heart,  
Yet fondest utterance bestows  
On like's responsive part.

I press my views on no man's glass,  
Nor reflect his from mine,  
Since God's intent, 'tis plain, alas!  
For reasons wise, divine,  
Was not, in his broad universe,  
To make twin moon or sun,  
Two minds to think, two bards to verse,  
Two hearts to beat—as one.

I drink the breezes softly waft,  
And gratefully exhale;  
With awe, the lightning's gleam and shaft  
Watch, flashing through the gale;  
View, pensively, the torrents roar,  
The waves, mid-ocean, toss,  
The stars the azure gemming o'er,  
And feel there is no loss.

Aye! Everything to me is gain,  
For everything seems new—  
And always new, tho'seen again,  
And grand, from any view,  
Because a true Bohemian  
Am I, and make my nest  
Where'er I chance, and let no man  
Abridge my heart's behest—

To rove the desert, sail the seas,  
Mid' waste, or peopled town—  
Oft lingering in climes where freeze  
The veins, or insects drown—  
In humming myriads—the air,  
Imbred by torrid wave,  
Or in old sepulchres that glare  
With stones the eras lave.

And wheresoe'er I stray or wait,  
Or tarry, feast, or love,  
At matin's dawn, or vesper late,  
I never care to move  
One pace beyond where I may rest,  
Or rise, or list, or hie—  
Since every line my lot the best  
For me, e'en when I die.

\* \* \*

So, when my Lays before the Carp—  
My leaves unto the wind—  
I fling, remember that my Harp  
Is tuned to hymn my mind,  
In mood as it reflects a Soul—  
Not your's, but God's alone—  
Of which is cradled here first Foal,—  
If needs, let God atone !

## I.

\* \* \*

Now calm reflections rule the hour—  
Our thoughts upraise to heights  
Whence soar the truths that brightly flower,  
Amid earth's wastes and blights,  
To teach the grandeur of the soul,  
Reveal our better part,  
Lift from the quicksand and the shoal  
Of life the surging heart.

\* \* \*

*A Poet's Introspect, (Page 17).*





MY DAY OF REST.

---

My day of rest is not constrained by special creed;  
No sect, assuming God's prerogative, my grace  
May claim; denominations, none a title-deed  
Can forge to swerve my conscience from its altar-  
place.

My Sabbath's recreation, as befits my mood,  
Is found beneath the shelter of my tree and vine,  
Where my best hopes, desires, all that in me is  
good  
Plead my true cause most potently to Eye  
Divine.

Here, in the shadow of my oaks, whose stature grand,  
Whose massive trunks, far-reaching limbs, and  
foliage dense  
Have spread a canopy, contrived by nature's hand,  
Behold my church—of broadest trust, of least  
pretense.

No architect my temple has been hired to build;  
For it no priests, from rich or poor, alms beg or  
force;  
At eve, or mass, ne'erless, with worshipers are filled  
Its corridors, aisles, naves—with a sublime con-  
course

Of myriads of moving, breathing miniatures—  
Of God's conceptions living semblances—de-  
signed  
For spheres as useful and complete as earth's or  
your's,  
Tho' not to rituals conformed or rites confined.

I draw my inspiration—my encouragement  
In my deep faith—from all these varied forms,  
the orbs  
Which give them life and heat, the clouds their  
nourishment,  
The soil that all our being, effort, hope absorbs.

My choir—the strain of birds, the droning of the  
bees,  
The frog's bass-croak, the hoot-owl's monody,  
the low

Of kine, the bleat of lambs, the neigh of steeds, the  
breeze

That wafts—e'er sigh or moan—as winds or  
zephyrs blow.

My preacher—a wee child, who innocently sings  
Her tuneful carol, plucking daisies from the green,  
Or gambols with her kitten, or in hammock swings  
So cheerily, I peer—at risk of being seen.

As sheltered by a fir, I scan her face, and eyes  
Of violet—beaming thought and love—to heav'n  
turned,  
So 'rapt her spirit seems beyond the stars would  
rise,  
She frames a sermon wisely-lessoned, if not  
learned.

My little priest—inspired by nature's soulful text—  
Exhales an incense sweet with Faith, Hope,  
Charity;—  
How happy, all mankind, like her! How rarely  
vexed  
Their courses, could they guileless dwell in  
parity!

If I nor bow, nor bend my knee, nor clasp my  
palms

In prayer, I feel a yearning which God may  
have read

With his omniscient eye:—For all I crave the  
balms

Our purest years would yield the living and the  
dead.

The wish divine doth spring—so tenderly, I pray :

Yon spotless soul, irradiating gentleness,

All gladness, mercy, good the young alone display,

May virtue guard, truth save, and circumstances  
bless !

MY 'SCUTCHEON.

---

My 'Scutcheon is my Heart—  
    Borne close within my breast,  
Whence it can none impart—  
    Save me—its seal and crest;  
Its priv'lege ne'er to start  
    At aught save God's behest—  
It is a kingly chart,  
    Aye serving me the best.

It is my mark and sign—  
    My mark and sign alone;  
For ev'ry error mine  
    It only can atone;  
To me the Right Divine  
    Within its tendrils grown;  
And no man may opine  
    If it be mild or stone.

My father could not give—  
It came to me from God.  
My son I cannot leave  
When I beneath the sod.  
For me it may conceive  
Alone—or soothe, or prod,  
Or hate, or love, or grieve—  
Control'd by no man's nod.

As no two things alike,  
Or ever known to be—  
Beware! The hand would spike  
The coat design'd my tree.—  
Beware! Who'd dare to strike  
From me its blazonry.—  
Beware! Who'd forge a dike  
To stem its floods—e'er free!

A POET'S INTROSPECT.

---

How varying the moods that move  
The pulses of the brain—  
Through chords supremely touched by love,  
Or frets with hate that strain—  
Through meditation's solemn trance  
Or fancy's lightsome pace,  
As pranks and humors lead the dance  
Or with vagaries chase.

Now calm reflections rule the hour—  
Our thoughts upraise to heights  
Whence sown the truths that brightly flower,  
Amid earth's wastes and blights,  
To teach the grandeur of the soul,  
Reveal our better part,  
Lift from the quicksand and the shoal  
Of life the surging heart.

Then sweet emotions, tinged divine  
By heaven's chast'ning breath,  
Throb o'er the arbors that entwine  
Our hopes—in life and death,  
Yield blossoms that enchant and thrall,  
Waft perfumes that diffuse  
Love's subtle incense throughout all  
The harpings of the muse.

Next, brief conceits the mind invade  
And capture to express  
Trite theories, or theses staid,  
Or clamors for redress  
Of wrongs and errors by the plane  
Of worldly squares and rules,  
Not heeding how diseased the grain  
Of sense in human fools.

Or chirping fancies frisk and leap  
From idle whims, and seize  
The effervescing thoughts that sweep  
The skies, o'er gale or breeze—  
Or whirl with eddies, buff with tide,  
Or pierce the vapid mists,  
Or in the coach of humor ride,  
Or mime in comic lists.



Or bubbling quirks the surface rise,  
To ripple for a trice,  
And bring a smile to saddened eyes—  
A moment loose the vice  
That shuts from sympathy its kin  
Or fellowship with mirth—  
Evoking transports that begin  
To mold athwart their birth.

Or wild caprices, with their fumes  
And vapors, wierdly glow  
Above the hum of labor's looms,  
Yet far the stars below—  
In frolic verse, or rollic rhyme,  
Wild warbles fife, or freaks  
Fantastically ring on chimes,  
'Mid laughter's gleeful shrieks.

Or satire, musing Damascene,  
Hypocrisy lays bare,  
And falsehood pricks with blade so keen  
That honesty seems fair,  
Sweet virtue for a moment blest—  
Alike for drones and plods,  
Rare truth aroused from stubborn rest,  
The scale of justice God's.

YOUR HEAVEN, AND MINE.

---

Your bliss in hope subsists, in contemplation mine;  
Your paradise, of fruits to bear, a vision grows,  
While on my past the radiance of heav'n bestows  
A charm—illu'ming garlands oft the tombs entwine.

Supremest joy to me experiences reveal—  
In friendship, that shall, with my faculties,  
endure—  
In love, haloed by confidences that ensure  
A trust so perfect no vague myst'ries may conceal.

Seek, if you please, in the hereafter your repose;  
But strive not me to wean from my content.  
On raptures felt my reverie can dwell intent—  
Not heeding, through the shades, what life doth  
not disclose.

## FAITH.

Every thing and thought doth breed—

Sure as man or beast;

Not a breath our pulses speed

Dies, e'en life hath ceased.

\* \* \*

Every blessing, for its meed

Grateful thrill, at least;

Every sorrow by the seed

Of cruelty increased;

Every penny lost to greed

Some poor waif doth feast;

Every whim, tho' none may heed,

Hath some fate capriced.

Landscapes grand, and glowing skies

From the canvass spring;

Yearning hearts, and soulful sighs

Muses move to sing;

Deeds, from noble thoughts that rise,

Eloquence doth wing;

Tyrant's heel, and heroes' cries

Freedom's echo bring.

Guillotine and gibbet spawn

Criticism's staves;

From the nightly flagon dawn

Thieves, assassins, knaves;

Wanton souls and bodies fawn  
Dens that mis'ry laves,  
Bitterer, with tears, than drawn  
E'er by hallowed graves.

In our dream, or waking trance—  
Joys and dreads intense;  
Yield the race, the chase, the dance  
Foils for reason's fence;  
Not a movement or a glance  
Void of consequence;  
Gleams a ray the sun's bright lance—  
Cast a shadow thence.

\* \* \*

Yet o'er heaven's necromance  
Spreads a vail so dense,  
None may know if Supreme Chance  
Guideth more than Sense.

MY THANKSGIVING.

---

Thanks to my Heart!—It grateful drinks God's air—

Quick-throbbing to the glance of love, and voice  
Of liberty—all things beholding fair

In nature, and in man—when doth rejoice  
Man in his manhood, scorning all untruth,

When from injustice quiver and recoil  
His thoughts, and when he doth defy, not ruth  
Of words or blows, the touch would virtue soil.

Thanks to my Soul!—Content it lingers here—

From the productive soil of this rich earth  
Gleaning the food—the sweets no other sphere

Can wean me from before my second birth  
May follow all I know of life or death,

Or care to know of things beyond my life,  
Whose fitful scenes, and thoughts and acts—each  
breath

New drawn—prove me with little knowledge rife.

Thanks to my Body!—It would not ascend

To sun, or moon, or twinkling star, or soar  
Beyond sparks visible, or yet descend

The bowels of the world, to mine and score

The notches by which greed would aid me gain  
The luxuries to mark me—from my kind—  
A gilded something set apart to stain  
And blot the true fraternity of mind!

Thanks to my Senses!—All of them revolt  
At ev'ry custom that impedes their right  
To make my lot a joy, or that would molt  
My freedom to indulge—false caste despite—  
The fruits of labor, love and honest toil,  
And to resent perversion of God's law  
By superstition's torch, or tyrant's coil  
Alluring man's cupidity and awe.

Thanks to Myself!—I am that which I am—  
Nothing higher or lower, more or less—  
Nothing shorter or taller, tho' you damn  
My size, or criticise my shape, and guess  
I might, or ought to think, or do, or seem  
The very opposite of that I love  
The best—MY OWN TRUE SELF, the which can gleam  
But one Light e'er eclipsing—that of JOVE!

ILLUSION'S LESSON.

---

Empty as an echo,  
Hollow as a sound,  
Ev'ry thought and action  
Compass'd by the bound  
Of this world's horizon,—  
Nor will e'er be found  
Truth, save fate hath somewhere  
Brook'd of hallow'd ground.

Ev'ry cloud that crosses  
The ethereal blue,  
Ev'ry wind that courses  
Plain or forest through,  
Carryeth delusion—  
Howsoe'er we view  
Cause or aim—illusion  
Hiding all is true;

Making sweet with incense  
What is often blight;  
Honest feeling intense  
To defeat the right;  
Pious vows a pretense  
To obscure the sight;  
Life, but experience—  
Teaching : "God is Might."

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

---

## I.

How dwarf'd and paltry seem the ways, how  
cramp'd the views of men,  
Their poverty of scope how mean, their aims  
how desultore,  
As from the boulder'd mountain's cleft my  
thoughts, untrammel'd, soar  
A moment toward Infinity, then droop below again!

## II.

Oh! That I might here plant my hearthstone—far  
above the clouds,  
My home might rear behind the mists envailing  
man's trite schemes,  
My poor desires uplift to where my life would  
flit in dreams  
Far sweeter than the pleasures that delude earth's  
fickle crowds!

## III.

Or that I might, o'er ocean thence, be borne—to  
island lone,  
My bark abandon there enwrecked, fast found-  
er'd in the sand,  
By surf encircled evermore, so should my heart  
withstand  
Blind passion's petty groveling—in envy's emmet  
zone!



IV.

Cast me amid the waves and breakers, 'neath the  
lightning's glare,  
If they may serve emancipate me from earth's  
tiring jars  
And bickerings, so waste that—no less by sun's  
blaze, than stars'  
Pale gleam, on life at rest—man's labor seems of  
fruit shorn bare!

V.

No prize the world can designate to tempt ambi-  
tion's greed,  
Or opiates the subtlest skill extract to sense  
beguile,  
Can charm me from this crest, whence leaps my  
soul tow'rd heaven's smile—  
Spreading so omnipresently, revealing all I need.

ALTHAZAR'S GIFT.

---

There is an intuition in the minds of some so keen  
It seems a direct gift from God—by which are  
    read the signs  
That mark the inner hearts of other men—through  
    which are seen  
The motives of their surface acts—their souls'  
    work and designs.

What by Althazar's circle oft is termed satiety  
Is but his native shrinking from the traits he  
    doth surprise  
In his own kith—retarding quest of their society  
Or haunts—their conflicts or their friendships—  
    aid or enterprise.

A glance—by others unobserved: a frown, a curve,  
    a bend;  
A voice—its modulation or inflection; simplest gait  
Or gesture; e'en a posture, or an attitude, will  
    send—  
As if clairvoyantly—to his quick consciousness  
    its fate.

'Tis not a gift to prove its owner less than his poor  
    kind  
A man, or more a god; nor is't a gift to make  
    one proud,  
As evidence of higher faculty of soul or mind;  
But 'tis a gift that may not be contemned,  
    where'er endowed.

If 'tis a cheerful boon, Althazar never vauntingly  
 Confesses it; for it hath made him strange and  
 reticent

When he would not seem so. Despite himself, it  
 tauntingly

Hath warned him, thus: "How guilty they!  
 This one, how innocent!"

"Gentle, the heart there masked by face of cold  
 severity;

"Loving and kind, that frugal pair so queru-  
 lously plod;

"Generous, he admonishing with such asperity;

"Deep-stirred with faith, yon pleader who de-  
 clines to sue your God.

"Cruel and vain is that dispenser of sweet charity;

"False, this unctuous wearer of the church's  
 livery;

"Base and designing, yonder patriot—with rarity

"Of eloquence, a franchise wins each word's  
 delivery."

In ev'ry human phase, Althazar's cleverness detects  
 The outward indices of the real inwardness; true  
 worth

From shams and counterfeits discries; from visible  
 effects

The cause of men's perversion traces—ante-  
 dating birth.

Tho' his quick impress may debar man's fellowship,  
methinks

Althazar may have won a closer fellowship with  
God.

At all events, God's haunts are his—God's breath  
his bosom drinks,

Expires, nor feels the privilege of chastisement  
a rod.

He walks the solitary glen, the lonely wood and  
beach;

He crosses desert plains, and climbs the deso-  
lated crest;

The stars and systems, skies and clouds he scans;  
and he doth reach

Nearest the TRUTH, that underscores all things,  
and is the BEST—

THE TRUTH, that bids us pity, when we judge—  
when we condemn,

Forgive—to leave to God such vengeance as he  
wills—to plead

From him no mercy not his own—small favor hope  
from them

Bred to man's traits of treachery and greed.

MEMORY'S CHOICE.

---

With memory of pleasure lost  
Affection barbs its arrow,—  
Admonishing the heavy cost  
Of joy life drapes with sorrow.  
Happy, they only, who have known  
No succor from the burden  
Chaining men to their lots, which groan  
With sweat—of bliss the guerdon.

For hope hath he of better fate—  
Not having known to prosper,  
Or having felt to speculate  
He must upon disaster;  
Whilst he who trembles lest, perchance,  
Success may not be lasting,  
Is ever quiv'ring 'neath the lance  
Prosperity is blasting.

Remembrance, rescuing from the strife  
A sermon, gravely preaches :  
The only comfort plucked from life  
Unshamed reflection teaches.  
Not giddy pleasure's chronicle  
Is it man, happiest, views;  
Looking from heaven's pinnacle,  
Our virtuous deeds we choose.

MUSINGS; FROM A PHILOSOPHER'S  
PORTFOLIO. *a.*

---

I.

How perfect, tow'rd the end, our knowledge of the  
cause,

From which we've felt, unwarned, the bittering  
effect!

Tho' better late, than ne'er, we come to recollect  
And heed our intuitions— than all written laws

More serious and just—since human retrospect  
Must, wise, concede that Destinies—unseen—  
direct;

Else, why in hopeless paths advance, in hopeful  
pause?

II.

If there live they who have not struggled 'gainst  
the wave

Of Fate's decree, such here can never apprehend  
The blunders, crosses, sorrows Providence may  
send

To change the heart misled, the mind from error  
save.

For who, taught by life's checks and burdens,  
will contend

That God, however chastening, does not intend  
A discipline, to each most needed, for the grave?

III.

Long in the mists and shadows do we strive and  
    grope  
To conquer obstacles not e'en the spheres can  
    move;  
To justify opinions trial must approve,  
Until, our judgment yielding, we attain a hope  
    That we may follow—since we cannot cut—a  
    groove  
For our due journeying, upon ways far above  
The circumspect of man—beyond blurr'd mortal  
    scope.

IV.

And when, at the declining stage, our past we  
    view—  
Touching its errors, battles, mysteries, regrets,  
By score of impulse, passion, self-love—worldly  
    frets,—  
Contrasted with what conscience ever weighed as  
    true,  
Our being, actions, thoughts, desires should  
    seem but debts,  
On life's short ledger balanced by the grand  
    assets  
Of being privileged to be, to think, to strive, to  
    bravely do.

THE PUZZLE.

---

Pray, what is wrong? And what is right?  
If what our hearts impel  
Must oft be hid from human light  
Because the fates befel  
That like from like, by chance, should be—  
Through no device of ours—  
Diverged and crossed before frail we  
Could estimate our powers—

Our powers or gifts—of thought, of love,  
Our strength to do, to check  
The motives, actions, aims that move  
This sphere—to joy or wreck  
Our destinies, and in the end  
Leave, yet unsolved, unkenn'd  
If our first choice or ways best tend  
Life's course to smooth or rend?



## II.

\* \* \*

Then sweet emotions, tinged divine  
By heaven's chast'ning breath,  
Throb o'er the arbors that entwine  
Our hopes—in life and death,  
Yield blossoms that enchant and thrall,  
Waft perfumes that diffuse  
Love's subtle incense throughout all  
The harpings of the muse.

\* \* \*

*A Poet's Introspect, (Page 18).*



MY SHRINE.

---

My shrine is at the feet of her  
From whom fire, tempest, flood in vain,  
Nor all the storms in space astir,  
Can separate my soul—whose fane  
She pillars with her fay.

My goddess—lithe as dreams disclose  
Or in the dome of heaven wings—  
More vivid on my image grows,  
Fresh rapture to my longing brings  
With ev'ry new-born day.

Her features—than Madonna's none  
With charity more mildly light—  
Encourage hope I may atone  
For heedless act or wand'ring flight  
Ere blest by her kind sway.

Her step—more graceful tripped no queen  
Of orient or fairy land,  
In visions famed by poet seen—  
I so adore I'd kiss the sand  
Where its soft glance would stay.

Her eyes! My God! Thy spark divine  
Alone the mind's profounds may spring  
With power, by fate denied to mine,  
To faintly sound the hopes that cling  
To their exalting sway.

Than form, or feature, motion, eye,  
More ravishing by far there gleam  
From her pure spirit thoughts so high  
Above earth's bounds, my life's a dream  
How best their wish obey.

For ev'ry inspiration sweet  
Drawn from this sphere—by her made heav'n,  
So grateful I, no due seems meet  
Essayed in words. Love strength hath giv'n  
My heart to never stray  
From her—my soul to pray  
To none save her, alway.

**I HAVE BEEN LOVED.**

---

My garb is plain—  
Of fabric poor, and coarse, my well-worn coat—  
    Glazed by the rain  
And sun, my cap, as idlers all may note—  
    My shirt undressed  
By starch or gloss—by tie nor ruffle decked;  
    Yet I am blessed  
With joy few hearts, 'neath royal robes, e'er  
    recked—

From faith, sublime :  
That I was loved, loved truly  
    Once, aye, once  
    Upon a time.

My form, now bent,  
Was then erect as any forest tree;  
    My breath, short spent,  
Then filled a chest exhaling cheerily

Wild trills of mirth,  
Or chants of praise, or ballads melting love,  
Ere soared from earth  
The echo of my soul—the stars above—  
With song sublime :  
That I was loved, loved truly  
Once, aye, once  
Upon a time.

Ne'er wail nor weep  
I—sad and lone; for I would not exchange  
The furrows deep  
My features plow, the glist'ning hairs that range  
My locks, erst brown,  
Now thinned by grief and care, since proudest king  
Would barter crown  
To gain the peace of love—the joy I sing—  
The faith sublime :  
That I was loved, loved truly  
Once, aye, once  
Upon a time.

I labor now—  
I labored then; but she was at my side,  
And on her brow,  
And in her eyes my hope could then abide

By signs that gave  
Encouragement, by smiles that brought repose;  
Yet I am brave,  
(For destiny—not we—our fortunes chose,)  
Through faith sublime :  
That I was loved, loved truly  
Once, aye, once  
Upon a time.

I sometimes long—  
But, wherefore?—since, when toiling, mine the gift  
Of sweetest song  
Ere muses breathed, or minstrel harped, to lift  
Man's soul beyond  
The chains that bind it here, as in a vice,  
To grim despond,  
The gift of knowing all that's worth the price  
Of Earth's few score—  
The truth sublime :  
That I was loved, loved truly  
Once, aye, once  
Upon a time—  
Hence, evermore.

LOVE.  

---

Fate's labor vain to rear a wall  
    'Twixt loves divine,  
    Or crush the shrine  
Whereon twain souls have found their thrall.

Paths may diverge like hearts afar—  
    Their hopes yet near;  
    For cloud nor bier  
Can from true love obscure its star.

It haunts the busy work-day hour,  
    The bed of dreams,  
    First matin's beams,  
The calm amid which vespers low'r.

Wild ocean billows may career,  
    Or deserts burn  
    Between, yet turn  
No eddies to awaken fear;



Since ever found, close-hovering  
    With love, bright gleams  
    From purest streams  
That spring the cold earth's covering—

Gleams that, once mirrored, cannot fade—  
    Their gift : To live—  
    Sweet light to give  
The soul—when all beside in shade.

LOVE'S PSYCHOLOGY.

---

Love whispers its sweet messages  
Above the storms of life  
So tranquilly, no presages  
Can rouse a dread of strife.

No warning doth it ever heed—  
So blind affinity;—  
It recks ne'er space, nor time, nor speed—  
Its bounds infinity.

It fears no danger, sees no cloud—  
Its happy fate to be  
So self-absorbed, no clamor loud  
Can break its ecstasy.

One only language doth it know—  
Not spoken by the lip;  
One only sign need it e'er show—  
And oft'nest that by slip—

Through tell-tale eyes, to prove their deeps  
Reflect a wakened soul—  
Whence to its mate God's emblem leaps,  
Two hearts to mold ONE WHOLE.

LOVE'S RESPONSE.

---

Love ne'er denies—it gives,  
And asking, giveth more—  
Since love, by yielding, lives,  
Receiving, adds its store.

Love feeds upon the kiss  
That thrills its counterpart,  
And finds its home, its bliss  
Its mate's affinite heart.

It craves its own caress  
While seeming to accede,  
And hath the gift to bless  
When most the pow'r to lead.

Unsought, Love's answer : " Use ! "  
Its only thought, to give—  
Its song, eternal muse :  
" For thee, my peace to live ! "

Love ne'er can love refuse—  
Responding : " Aye, for aye ! "—  
Its chant, eternal muse :  
" For thee, my balm to die ! "

THE MISSING NOTES.

---

Melodiously through the air—

From harp, and violin, and flute—  
Float strains so pure that pain and care  
Should seem exiled, and sorrow mute.

Anthems they play—from Mozart muse—

Aspiring harmonies so sweet,  
The mind, entranced, might well refuse  
Life's irksome wail again to meet.

Oh! Symphonies sublime, that breathe—

So far raised o'er this world's travail,  
With smiles ye might the angels wreath—  
Why is't for me your splendors fail?

A key, alas! is wanting here—

The nightingale cannot restore.  
The tend'rest notes reach not my ear,  
Nor on earth will they evermore.

More thrilling than motet divine—

How happy, could I hear her voice!  
'Twill not descend from heaven's shrine  
Save my freed soul to raise—rejoice.

OUR TRYST.

---

Can'st tell me what is here  
To cause my nerves vibrate,  
And make—as I draw near—  
My heart so palpitate?

Would'st say, the linden tree—  
On which are fixed my eyes?  
Quite like—since thou know'st me  
All nature's boons to prize.

Nay!—Then dost think the bench,  
That in its shade holds place,  
My normal veins could blench,  
And pallid hue my face?

Nor would'st believe the brook—  
Cool-winding just below  
The terrace, whence we look—  
Might make me tremble so?

Nor yet, the nonce, suppose  
God's clear, calm sky, above  
This refuge for repose,  
Could my whole being move?

Ah! Love hath never, then,  
Thy wretched heart inspired ;  
Or quickly should'st thou ken  
By what my soul is fired !

Wherever lingered we,  
In those delightful days  
Of passion's infancy,  
Showered heav'n its brightest rays.

First love's geography—  
Than your whole world's—hath made  
More legible to me  
Yon copse, and tree, and shade !

The azure realms that crown  
These sheltering branches, green—  
The hillside sloping down  
To yonder spring-bed's gleen—

The seat—where once reclined  
Her form I worshiped more  
Than e'er it was divined  
Man had the pow'r before—

Her eyes—that ruled my soul  
By glances, which no muse  
Can e'er presume extol—  
My mem'ry will not lose !

So long as sense may 'queathe  
Me privilege to keep  
An image, whilst I breathe,  
This site's engraven deep.

Oh! Can OUR TRYST—hallowed  
By love's first pledge, embrace—  
By Thee, God, be allowed  
Eternity t'efface!

TOO LATE.  

---

His heart denied, love's token sweet refused  
She mourneth now as heaven's gift abused,  
And in her memory e'er will linger green  
Her last wish, still her wish, as parting—seen  
His pleasure in her will,  
His wish to woo her still.

When her small hands by others tender pressed,  
And her soft lips by other lips caressed,  
His actions true, and words, with fond regret,  
She'll aye recall, as well her wish that yet  
His pleasure was her will,  
His wish to woo her still.

“Oh! Dearie, how I wish I'd kissed you now!”—  
Her last low plaint, her pray'r, she'll wish were vow  
To love, kiss, fondle—long as breath could keep  
Her heart alive, that now doth silent weep  
What might have been her will,  
His right to woo her still.



OF WHAT AVAIL !  

---

## I.

'Neath clear spring skies I stroll the turf's rich green,  
And list' the merry warblers that careen  
Above its velvet, and the ripe'ning hedge  
That fringes, to the water's edge—

Of what avail !

## II.

I linger o'er the streamlet's silver sheen,  
Its tinted-pebble bed, and depths unseen;  
Pursue its course along the hillock's base,  
Where vines and boughs, depending, interlace—

Of what avail !

## III.

I climb broad slopes, and rugged cliffs ascend;  
Survey grand vistas which the heavens blend—  
Enclosing valleys rich with herds and crops,  
Encircling mountains crowned with frosted tops—

Of what avail !

## IV.

I thread the mazes of the lonely wood;  
Recline on banks of moss; in dreamy mood,  
Evoke weird spirits from the dank ravine  
That the wild forest-shadow falls between—

Of what avail !

## V.

Of what avail? Ah! It availeth not  
That God hath made his ev'ry work divine;  
How e'er sublime the thought, or grand the spot—  
Since all of rapture in my heart doth fail,  
Save when I have the joy of echoing thine,  
My love! My love!—  
Of what avail!

## TO FLORA

(OF THE DEMI-MONDE.)  

---

Pretty blossom whilst thou bide,  
All the stronger could'st endear  
Hearts, if would'st thy petals hide  
From false lights, nor disappear  
Altogether from the world—  
Only nestle in the shade,  
Where thy leaves—by love unfurl'd,  
Sweet hope moist'ning—ne'er would fade.

Little Flora, tint thy bloom,  
Ere it perish, with love's hue,  
For when wither'd, sear the doom  
Meted out to flow'rs like you—  
Nipt by frosts before the sun  
Nature's glow life's buds can fill.—  
Flora, list'! The seasons run;  
Few the days are left thee still.

*MY SPRING IS HERE. b.*  

---

If the snow be piled in drifts,  
Still my violets sweetly bloom;  
Tho' the whistling wind sweeps chill,  
Yet my blue-bird gaily chants.

For the violet—that lifts  
Its bright petals from the gloom  
Of bleak March, my heart to thrill—  
Clara's glance, englowing, haunts.

And the bird, whose warbling rifts  
Through white flakes—that weave their loom  
'Mid the blinding gusts which fill  
Clouded sky—chirps Clara's taunts.

## LOVE HATH NO BOURNE.

“Why sleep you, in the gloaming, here?”

I spake, and gently grasped

The stranger's hand, while clasped

Its mate the stone he slumbered near.

With dazed look, upraised, he sighed;—

Then marked he my grave tone—

My eyes, that plainly shone

Mute pity's glint—and low replied:

\* \* \* \*

I waken from a holy trance

You blindly mis-name sleep—

Not known may tearless weep

My heart the pall that shrouds her glance—

Her glance, that glows, through light or shade,

In deep-graved semblances

From sweet remembrances

By love bestowed, ne'er doom'd to fade—

Feeling my erstwise void—the past,

With its foretaste of peace,

Assuring care's release

Through love, shall be renewed at last;—

That altho' sundered we—by fate,  
Love hath merged heart and will,—  
Once loving, love we still,  
And love's elysium, trustful, wait;—

Knowing her spirit bound with mine  
By loyal love's soft ties,  
Whose Jove-like strength defies  
Creation's pow'r to undermine!

## ALTHAZAR'S WOOING.

(A LOVE LETTER.)  

---

My darling little girl: 'Twas kind in thee to praise  
My meagre lines; but of my thoughts, poor,  
weak the offspring  
Seem in cold, set speech. Fancy's flight shall  
vainly raise  
The muses; not the nine combined have force to  
sing  
How deeply I adore, love, worship thee!

Jehovah's fire divine might human wit inspire  
With language consonant my reveries to show,  
My dreams with coloring appropriate attire—  
My waking, sleeping visions, all are so aglow  
With beatific images of thee!

No mortal gift can e'er portray the ecstasy,  
Surprise, compassion, hope by which I was  
confused  
When thy soft eyes bequeathed to mine the legacy  
Of their first glance—a glance that fain would  
have refused  
Response;—tho' naught have my eyes since  
beheld save thee!

In that grave moment, when from thy proud brow  
I pushed

The tresses back—tearing the mask from thy  
false life,

Showing how tenderness was numbed, how hopes  
were crushed,

Where both should bloom and flourish—when  
in thee at strife

Justice and truth I saw, how my heart bled  
for thee !

And when in my sad tale of thine the counterpart

Was found, it is our secret sweet how pity  
nourished

Sympathy, till in every fibre of my heart

One sentiment had weight to thrill, one form was  
cherished !—

Can'st ever doubt if then my soul was nearest  
thee ?

It was not left to question, after that sweet hour

I caught a shadow from thy lattice backward  
shrink,

If insecure to meet my glance had fall'n thy  
power;—

Thence mine has been whatever pleasure man  
may drink

Of this world's springs.—Words vainly speak  
my love for thee !



Nor ever can coined phrases echo from one heart  
Unto another, which affinity hath bound  
Together with its web supreme—nor can pen  
impart—  
The glories love hath conquered, hopes that trust  
hath found.—  
Profane the hand would dare describe my love  
for thee!

## FATAL HUE.

## I.

In my brief cycle, eyes of mellow brown  
Are deep-haloed—by Fate's kind will, the charm,  
Through memory, deigned my earth.—Looking far  
down,  
Beyond the vistas, whence my mother's arm  
Again encircles me—no thought beside  
Recalled, my soul is pierced—tho' graves be-  
tween—  
By glances beaming love, at flooding tide,  
From orbs of richest brown—gleaming with ser-  
aph's sheen.

## II.

And so, alway, have eyes of brownéd hue  
My spirit moved with quickest, tendrest thrills.—  
A dulcet vision now enwafts to view  
A shade celestial—that with rev'rie fills  
My heart—begemmed with stars of brown, that  
caught  
The tinder-leaves of love, in hope's wild years—  
My cadences of youth's first passion taught;—  
I ever see them—as we parted—bathed in tears.

## III.

Anon there came a fair maid—later, wife,  
The mother of my children—faithful, fond,  
Tend'ring to me, as pledge of love, her life  
By her best lights, retaining me in bond  
Not by my penance, or yet by her care—  
Reflex e'er found in umbered suns that seek  
My will, but by four other eyes—two pair  
Of magnet brown—that unto father's, pleading,  
speak.

## IV.

And at the last, I've won my soul's franchise—  
Reposed 'neath deeps of brown that mirrored  
first  
Affinity's rare realms, the paradise  
Where hearts are soothed—their chords yet kept  
athirst  
For love—love only—love that always lives—  
Love that creates, consumes, yet never tires—  
A well that craves for more, while most it gives—  
Love, grand, supreme—unequal-hymned by  
countless lyres!

THAT PORTRAIT, WHOSE?  

---

That portrait, whose? you ask?—Faint image of a  
dream

Of long ago,  
My only dream that e'er brought peace, and made  
life seem

A sweet echo  
Of love—  
Of Heaven—

The one dim reflex left to me of pleasures past—  
The clouds to chase  
From mem'ry's realms, or mirror—from beyond the  
last

Bounds of my race—  
Of love—  
Of Heaven.

LOVE ALONE CAN SAVE THE HEART.

A SONG.

---

I.

I wander, oft, with merry guests, o'er landscape-  
gardened grounds,  
'Cross emerald lawns, through umbrage close,  
adown sequestered ways—  
By bower and fountain, lake and rill, and yet, in all  
my rounds,  
Find no delight from broad domain, no balm  
from others' praise  
Of that which charms external sense, while touch-  
ing not the heart.

II.

Tis true that many here might dwell, and happily  
endure  
What to my sight is but the yield of taste, with  
gold allied,  
That many might their lives enjoy 'mid scenes that  
me assure  
How often—to the real fate—the ideal is denied;  
For seeming by possessions blest, still void may be  
the heart.

## III.

In noble aspirations crossed, in pure affections  
chilled,

Checked by mistakes too late to mend, by  
wounds too late to heal,

Whose sentiment, by charms of nature, or of art,  
is thrilled!—

So long as memory survives, or instinct lasts, we  
feel

The only joys that give content are those of a lov-  
ing heart.

## IV.

Riches are dross, all pastime's dull, philosophy's a  
snare

To him whose breast finds no response, whose  
thought no echo brings,

Since all the garnish of our strife, in this bleak  
world of care,

Is brief and passing as the wind; the only wealth  
that clings

Eternally unto the soul is that of a loving heart.

## V.

Then take, oh! take my worldly goods and wares,  
my grand estates,

Fame, fortune, all man covets in his envy and his  
pride,

And give me but a loyal heart, a mind, a soul that  
mates

My own, in sweet affinity, in every sense my  
bride,

Her creed: LOVE IS IMMORTAL—LOVE ALONE CAN SAVE  
THE HEART!

## FRANCESCA'S REVERIE.

Love him! why should I not love, idolize, adore  
The man who first with interest did condescend  
Inquire my wretched tale, a pitying ear did lend,  
Bade hope I might myself unto myself restore?

Love him! worship were far more merited and true  
A word by which express the sentiment—too  
deep  
For circumscription to the narrow bounds that  
keep  
My poor heart powerless to herald his just due.

Not my weak prayers for him presume implore  
From God the recompense deserved to manly  
deeds;  
His charity of soul and faith obscure the needs  
Of prayer, than which they of themselves assure  
far more.

Then why thus smoulder, in my heart of hearts,  
the fire  
That burns to flash before the world my love's  
incense!



Or why not rest my head, proud, on his bosom—  
whence  
Ne'er beats a pulse that would not for my sake ex-  
pire!

Alas! was it recorded, for a purpose wise,  
That destiny should pitilessly interpose,  
To haunt my horoscope, a shadow 'till life's  
close?  
Then quickly perish all, save love! THAT never  
dies.

For him my fealty deep, eternal as the skies!  
As infinite my faith—resigning me to live  
Here, in the one sweet hope his love, his trust  
doth give:

OUR COMPENSATIONS GOD ANON MUST EQUALIZE.

*ALTHAZAR'S MUSE.*

## ALTHAZAR'S MUSE.

(A REVERIE.)  

---

My best was tombed  
Upon thy bier,  
When fell the tear  
My fate that gloomed,  
My Love.

Yet have I wreathed  
A single gem,  
Your diadem  
It shall adorn,  
My Love!

For you first breathed  
Into my heart  
The vivid dart  
From which was born  
My Love—

My life's true leaven—  
All e'er was worth  
My stay on earth,  
My hope of heaven,  
My Love!

Whatever food  
    My thoughts may grow  
    My God doth owe  
Thy pow'r for good,  
                    My Love!

Hence, bloom or fade,  
    My mind's estate  
    I dedicate  
To thy dear shade,  
                    My Love—

For tribute mine—  
    Soul's glimpse, and heart's  
    My muse imparts—  
To build our Shrine,  
                    My Love!

## LOVE'S GREETING.

A perfume, as from spirit land,  
Wafts nigh;—  
A gentle pressure meets my hand;—  
A sigh  
Breaks;—and a face dawns—rose-hued deep;—  
Whilst eye  
So searching gleams, my pulses leap  
And fly.

A form seraphic circles mine  
With bliss  
So pure, the current seems divine;—  
A kiss—  
Diviner—links with her's my soul.—  
Amiss  
The thought, for either, other goal  
Than this!

Behold the tokens nightly brings  
Sweet love  
To me, with hope that brightly sings  
Above  
My worldly cares—mid' dreams  
That move  
So peacefully—with life heav'n seems  
Enwove.

A THRILL.

---

Why do yon flute's vibrations sweet  
Thus melt my soul to tears?  
Alas! Bright hours they bid me greet—  
Adown the vale of years.

They waft to me so soft and low  
Her fav'rite airs, I bide  
Near wont familiar hearthstone's glow—  
Fair Anna by my side.

They vivify my dream of love—  
Tho' ne'er love's mem'ry lost—  
Call back love's looks, ways, tones, to move  
Me now, in life's hoar frost.

MY SANCTUM. c.  

---

High-crested o'er a pretty square—  
Rich-foliaged deep-green—as fair  
    As nature's own;  
Ought I not feel—so grand the perch—  
My visions spread therefrom in search  
    Of faerie throne ?

Aye, when the sun beams on the trees,  
Their boughs sway'd gently by the breeze  
    Of balmy June,  
As 'neath their shade yon fountain plays—  
In rhythm resembling minstrel lays—  
    Its cadent tune;

While all within speaks taste and art—  
My hive array'd, in every part,  
    With chaste design;  
Its sides with dainty pictures hung—  
Some rare, suggestive works among,  
    You may opine.

No doubt 'tis dear the reader deems  
My attic-parlor, and the dreams  
    With which endow'd—

Its desk and cabinet, choice books  
And prints, its casement that o'erlooks  
The humming crowd.

Not always dear—but desolate  
My sanctum, myself isolate,  
When she not here.  
Dull, drear and sombre seem my walls,  
Dim, pall'd my gaze, where'er it falls,  
Till she appear.

**ALAS, DEAR WIFE OF MY SOUL!**  

---

Never a Nay answer'd she,  
So long as she lived, to me;  
Never a scowl or a frown,  
When most by sad cares weighed down;  
For me quick thought and kind cheer—  
A kiss, tho' all the world near;  
Tender of speech as a dove—  
She lived, helpmeet, for my love.

Alas, dear wife of my soul,  
If there be heaven, my goal!

Always a smile or a tear—  
As I would be cheered or moved;  
Never a tremor of fear  
To grieve the heart hers so loved;  
Never a pain or an ache  
Waile'd she—ere sympathy knew;  
Her aim and work, for my sake,  
To live, to suffer, to do.

Alas, dear wife of my soul,  
If there be heaven, my goal!

I feel that she's waiting me now,  
If souls hereafter survive;



Waiting and watching I trow,  
Her soul for mine—yelept alive  
(The wherefore, or why, or how  
To God alone known) to strive,  
With patience, my fate to bow  
Till joy'd my summons arrive—  
To join the wife of my soul  
In our lives' ultimate goal.

LOVE'S BARD.

---

Spontaneously springs the song  
Of love from poet's soul.  
Soft glide the strings his lyre along  
Responsive strains that dole  
To human ears the glint divine  
Of chords the heavens sway  
From symphonies the muses nine  
Alone may harp away.

No clod, of plain, prosaic mold  
E'er on the lyre essay'd  
Love's measure strike, or moods unfold  
By stanzas interlaid  
With scintilating gems apt-rhymed—  
But seraphs quick discerned  
His metre counterfeit, ill-timed  
His fire, his verse ill-turned.

The soul of bard doth throb and bound  
With sympathy so keen,  
No grim disguise can dull the sound  
His couplets bright careen,  
Or hide the sparks his thoughts that flame  
With pow'r to move the heart  
As nothing can beside—no name,  
No skill, no drosser part.

WE MUST LIVE AGAIN.

---

Why have we hoped, my love, so long and vain,  
Ourselves to understand,  
Since both our souls demand—  
As a condition—we must live again ?

Elaine ! Unanswered we shall ever plead  
For mercy to enjoy  
Love born without alloy,  
Or confidence no shaft can rudely bleed.

Wrecked are our hearts—that should beat one,  
and rent  
Our lives—by force of fate,  
Because we did not wait,  
With patience, for the signs which mark content.

Regrets o'erhang our past, and shadows cross  
Our paths, to make obscure  
The truths we might endure  
If they could compensate us for our loss.

Why dream, alas ! of compensation here ?  
Apart we farther drift,  
No hope our hearts to lift  
Until the welcome shrift—

ANNIHILATION, OR A BRIGHTER SPHERE.

OUR HOLIDAY.

---

Why seem, to-day, the skies so bright and clear,  
The flow'rs so fragrant, and the meads so green,  
The groves so full of peace, the atmosphere  
So musical with bird-notes, and the sheen  
Yon lake reflects so heav'nly?—Ah! A face  
Gleams with the glance its heart bespoke, sweet  
Grace,  
When you wish'd me a happy holiday.

And as I walk the woods, stroll pastures fresh,  
The wavelets skim, or thread the golden grain,  
I almost feel you with me, in the flesh—  
So treasure I your wish, so gently rain  
Your eyes sincere the dew, as your lips trace  
The truth with which they give the thought,  
sweet Grace,  
For my enjoyment of this holiday.

I hope this day, my little friend, may bring  
To you delights to banish ev'ry care!  
Be you as cheerful now, as I, since sing  
All sounds one melody, and everywhere  
I pause or turn, your eyes, your voice, sweet Grace,  
In my poor heart o'er nature's charms keep pace.—  
For you, as me, be this true holiday!

## CONFECTION.

(AN ALBUM LEAF)

---

Thy charms, my lexicon's grand store  
Of sweets, vain laboring  
To pen!—Thou JUJUBE—nectar'd o'er  
With angel's flavoring!—  
Thou MALLOW white, from faery-shore,  
Of heaven savoring!—  
Choice MARRON GLACÉ—of the rare  
Thy small hands favoring!  
Truce, Madeline! for thou so fair,  
My song I'd braver sing  
If fate were kind!—Oh! why not dare  
For thee to graver ring  
The chimes my heart now guards with care?  
BECAUSE TRUE PEACE I'D BRING!

IN MEMORIAM. *d*

---

Chaste flower,  
No power  
Could change thy fate—  
Thy dower,  
The hour  
Should not be late  
For parting.

Indeed,  
Decreed  
From birth—thy death  
Should speed;  
The seed  
In thy first breath  
Of parting.

Not less  
We bless,  
With sorrow deep—  
The few  
That knew  
Thy worth, and weep  
Thy parting.

Thy meed:  
Kind deed,  
And gentle word,  
Truth, love—  
Above  
Divinely heard  
Since parting.

Friends lave  
Thy grave,  
Sweet ALICE EARL,  
With tears,  
Tho' cheers  
The thought they pearl—  
Since parting—

A brow  
That now  
God's chaplet wears,  
Nor fades,  
Nor shades  
With earth's sad cares  
Of parting.

A LOVER'S HYMNAL.

---

An angel's visit I await,  
Yet feel my angel knows  
So well my thoughts, from dawn till late,  
She'll look—in verse or prose—  
For one short pray'r from me.

And I will make it love's sweet pray'r:  
God fill my darling's heart  
With peace; and teach—no matter where—  
She'll find its tend'rest part  
Abiding, true, in me.



### III.

\* \* \*

Next, brief conceits the mind invade  
And capture to express  
Trite theories, or theses staid,  
Or clamors for redress  
Of wrongs and errors by the plane  
Of worldly squares and rules,  
Not heeding how diseased the grain  
Of sense in human fools.

\* \* \*

*A Poet's Introspect, (Page 18).*



## ALHAZAR'S MISSION.

---

I.

Althazar fell, lang syne, upon a lurid haunt—  
Of sinister repute. It was his venture first; the  
last  
In his life's span, save the like end to serve, God  
grant!

## II.

For he met there a stray'd child—'dowed with  
timid grace;  
Of mien, rarely so pensive—in lovelier mold, none  
cast.—  
Strangely, wrongly, utterly seemed she out of  
place!

## III.

He looked into her weary, melancholy eyes,  
To penetrate the mystery environing her past;  
And from their depths surged one of nature's lies!

## IV.

My token you, wise-reading, understand, or should,  
To phrase the obstacles—so vast—cold destiny  
hath flung  
Before the will and effort to do ever good—

The sad impossibility events, stern, raise—  
Except, mayhap, for those by fortune favor'd to  
die young—  
Of following paths prescribed, in so-termed right-  
eous ways.

## V.

How false did seem all cant, how chill philosophy,  
Viewing the fate of this poor waif Althazar found  
among  
The shadows, where she linger'd—lacking strength  
to fly!

“By what mischance of Justice came you here!”  
he had  
Nigh falter'd; but the words, reproachful, broke  
upon his tongue—  
It seem'd so harsh in him to rank her with the bad.

## VI.

The while he mutely gazed, so crossed her lot appeared,

So counter-vailed her thoughts—as if, amid despair, they clung

Yet to a hope, his soul with pity was new-reared.

Revived sprang dearest images of his own youth

To life again, as on Althazar's lips the question hung

That feared to shake his tott'ring citadel of TRUTH.

## VII.

A mask her brow might wear; he, ne'ertheless, would save;

He dared not judge; to plead, admonish, move, he dream'd not how;

He simply realized a wish for strength tradition gave

Jove's mythic preachers, of the fabled days of yore—

A wish for charity of patience, wisdom, power, now

To lift a wreck'd craft o'er the quicksands—nothing more.

## VIII.

A radiant face—that, years ago, was wont to  
bend

Tow'rd his, ere sombre death had robbed his  
world of its one saint,  
His mother's—from the skies did tearfully descend,

As if in answer to a pray'r. And group'd her's  
round

His sisters' smiles, encouraging. Hallow'd mem-  
ories—faint  
Before—arose so vivid, confidence was found,

And a vague trust—urging his soul, with sudden  
force,

To purposes divine—yielding him introspect to  
paint  
Of fate's capricious ends the causes in life's course.

## IX.

Then to Althazar woke the voice just hopes inspire;  
And soe'er brief the interlude between first  
thought and speech,  
In calmly whispered words, he breathed a sacred  
fire—

Not of stage or forum, of altar or of field,  
But of a soul yearning, with noble sympathy, to  
reach  
Those silent chords, in ev'ry creature kin, that  
yield,

When touched, unto the right—making seem false  
and gross,  
Delusive, desolating, God-forsaking, mad, im-  
pure,  
All ways, things, circumstances, born of passion's  
dross—

Raising from the mist of dulled faith and wrong  
pride,  
Above the horizon, into heaven's undimmed  
azure,  
The knowledge that on safe paths chance *may*  
bring a guide.

## X.

Althazar won, by sympathy's warm eloquence,  
That hour, a soul from chains and fetters it  
would hence abjure,  
Miscast—not by its will, but by its confidence

In seeming good, that here gives Hell its influence  
To lead unwary steps on roads and by-ways rendered sure  
By one guide only—bought with age—*EXPERIENCE*.

XI.

To dim remembrance since, in vain the years have  
rolled;  
The lustre of that hour—as a *MISSION*—will endure,  
Pleading Althazar's grace, when his life's knell is  
tollèd.



BROOK NO KING.

---

Space and time's omniscient Seer  
Man denies the gifts mature  
To the worth, my sons, doth meed  
Right divine to king o'er you.

Wind and mind, both balm and blear,  
Sweep beneath the sky's azure—  
Changing if in pow'r and speed—  
Yielding no man more than you.

Aye! All breathe one atmosphere;  
All, by mold, of like nature.—  
Cancerous the womb would breed  
Caste or class to king o'er you!

What tho' some call life career?  
Others deem we fate endure.—  
Neither sanctions king or creed  
Sporting fate, my sons, or you.

Lies tradition holding dear  
Tyrant, or his record pure!  
Trusts, e'er spurn'd by him, should lead  
You to brook no king of you.

Crowns, nor crests, nor sceptres here  
All the symbols slaves insure.—  
Read this truth—its warning heed:  
Gold would starve—to king o'er you!

Cassocks dynasties may rear,  
Sects evoking to assure  
Bondage—spawn'd of fears and greed.—  
Bigotry would king o'er you!

Question you what course to steer—  
Apt your lot to best secure—  
Shunning king-craft's shoal and weed?  
List', my sons, I'll answer you:

\* \* \*

Ask no favor! Feel no fear!  
Of yourselves seek to be sure—  
Never vaunting, but by deed  
Proving no man king of you!

Counsel with your soul! The sneer  
Of pride contemn! Be cynosure  
Of your own right aim—the need  
No king can supply to you!

Crown content! Mold heart! Spread cheer!  
If you would the crosses cure  
Of experience, and feed  
By the hands no king gave you.

Anchor faith on no one's bier  
Save your own! Let no charm lure  
Your leal to the toils that knead  
Servitude and king for you!

Cringe not! Bend not! You are peer  
Of the czar, whom dreads now 'mure  
'Neath the shadows, to which speed  
Princes all who'd king o'er you!

When to thrones the 'larum drear  
Breaks, anon, so all may hear:  
GOD IS FREEDOM!—Far and near  
Hue the tocsin! Loud and clear  
Ring the chimes, with blood imbure!  
Strip, and burn the garniture  
Masking worldly crowns! THE SEED  
KILL OF SIREN WHO'D KING O'ER YOU!

## MY REVERENCE.



Let other mortals dwell in awe of the unknown;  
Or fawning, cringe—with timid nerve—to tinsel'd  
throne,

To dynasty, to chief, to him with whom they hire;  
Or homage pay to leader, master, patron, sire;—  
So they yield me the choice, which my soul doth  
incline—

With rev'rence deep—tow'rd forms wherein I can  
divine

A spirit gentler, purer, nobler, grander far  
Than all the venerated I have mentioned are.

If mov'd by cant, or by cold prudence urged, the  
power

Behind whose mystic sway the superstitious cower  
I might reserve; but I cannot my pen with awe  
Infuse for terrors I ne'er dreamed, or dangers saw.  
As for the panoplied, of human sort—tho' clad  
In purple—sceptred, or by custom's quest, as sad—

With plume encrest', in surplice robed, or mitre  
    cased,  
If I once felt an awe for either, 'tis effaced.

Infer not ev'ry form and phase I under-rate—  
I neither sentiment nor feeling venerate;  
The godly I have oft'nest found in simple guise,  
In untrained thought ideas might put to blush the  
    wise.—

In little children—open-eyed, all innocence,  
Heeding impressions first, of no experience,  
Save that derived from nature's view, sound and  
    contact—  
I see far more to awe than man's maturest act.

My eyes shall never look on aught more beautiful—  
Endowing me with sense of what is dutiful  
So perfectly, so reverently that I grieve  
To think of the small strifes which, bitter, inter-  
    weave  
Our work-day destinies, from cradle to the tomb—  
Than tender nurseling, gentle-lisping child, in  
    whom

Perception of deceit, remotest glimpse of wrong  
Have not yet germed to taint the good—new-born  
and strong.

For such how deep my pity, how great my concern!  
So much they have to unlearn, not the less to learn,  
Of ways and things so vastly unlike what they  
seem—

Perverting instincts, hopes—impelling them to  
deem

The crookéd path unto contentment they can climb  
Only by flatt'ry, falsehood, treachery and crime,—  
That ALL MY REVERENCE AND AWE I FEEL I OWE  
To THE CONDITION DOTH PURE TRUTH, SWEET MERCY  
SHOW.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.  

---

Equipp'd is he in redingote,  
In sportsman's cap and gear—  
As prancing on his steed, with proat  
He spurs her flanks, while near  
Him, mid' the hounds, there gayly ride—  
All deck'd in bright attire—  
His retinue, on ev'ry side,  
Whose whips and horns aspire:  
*Noblesse oblige.*

He moves, at his attorney's wand,  
And dips his pen to sign  
Of his broad acres, mansion grand,  
A mortgage to the Jew  
Who holds, in virtue, all the fee  
An auction sale would show;  
But then "Milord" his friends with glee  
Must feast—his rank sustain.  
*Noblesse oblige.*

Carouse he must, and yacht, and game,  
And give his heir her dot;  
His sire and grandsire did the same—  
So will his scions do,

If anything to pledge remains  
Of lands or jewels rare,  
To keep the style blue blood maintains  
When 'twould attest its brand.

*Noblesse oblige.*

The ball, the race, the hunt they lead,  
The round of folly run;  
Of fox bereft, chase aniseed—  
Their kennel and their stud  
To keep in practice for their guests,  
'Till health and energy,  
And fortune, mock'd, to time's behests  
Succumb—t' attest their brand.

*Noblesse oblige.*

\*

\*

\*

She droops beneath the rafters low  
And plies her slaving trade—  
With stitch and seam, while idly flow  
The streams of wealth that ride,  
Her casement viewing, to the park—  
To catch the ev'ning breeze;—  
Yet toils she onward 'till the dark  
Enshrouds her—heeding not

*Noblesse oblige.*



He wields a chisel and a plane,  
 Or deftly points a wall,  
 Or shoulders hod, nor doth disdain  
 The plainest raiment wear;—  
 When freed from work, his hearth beside,  
 A sire—at frugal board—  
 He rules six waifs his counsels guide—  
 No thought of mark or brand.—

*Noblesse oblige.*

With sturdy arm, he steers the plow  
 And plants the fruitful grain;  
 He grasps the helm, and moves the prow  
 That braves the rocking main;  
 He weaves the texture of your coat,  
 Nor scorneth his hard hand  
 To do whate'er men list or note  
 Attesting labor's brand.—

*Noblesse oblige.*

He delves and mines, and from the mill  
 Of nature plucks and grinds  
 The rare inventions human skill  
 In this quick age hath wrought  
 To make the lights of other days  
 Seem lustreless and dim,

The page of history blank, the lays  
Of minstrel crack'd, when sung  
*Noblesse oblige.*

\* \* \*

Ah ! Which the real *Noblesse oblige*  
That men should recognize—  
To which the heart should pay its liege—  
That we should highest prize ?  
Are they the noblest idly eat  
The grist from labor's strand,  
Their lives mis-spent, themselves to cheat  
With clam'ring: "Our's the brand—  
*Noblesse oblige !*"

That is the true *Noblesse oblige*,  
Which arbitrary caste .  
(By ignorance unfought,) held siege  
In other epochs—vast  
With opportunities for greed,  
For tyranny and vice—  
To-day ranks far o'er knightly screeed,  
Above a kingdom's price !  
Behold, in honest hearts, and liege  
To fellow-men, NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

## SOUL SINISTER.

How oft, for causes yet untold,  
Are nature's surface beauties marred,  
The warmth from graceful figures barred  
By artifices cruel, cold!

How oft' do wit and courage bold  
Seem joined to pulses cannot beat  
In sympathy, but masked retreat  
Behind recesses glooms enfold!

How oft' do eyes, that pathos melt  
And seem with clemency alight,  
While urging good, inciting right,  
Yet promptings hide that Hecate felt!

Oh! Fatal curse! Soul sinister—  
Obscured and veiled by gifts that lead  
Sweet confidence to wastes where bleed  
Hearts, to which none may minister!

Shine, Truth Supreme! Through cloud and maze  
Let break thy rays, so they reveal  
How knaves thy livery may steal—  
Thy semblance mask, for tortuous ways!

On hypocrites imprint the brand—  
The sign, deep-sinister—to warn  
Against their pitfalls, hold to scorn  
Their virtues, which are writ' in sand!

## TRUST NOT APPEARANCES.



Judge men, my son, not by appearances, but acts—  
Not by that which they say, but what thy do;  
For they who play their real parts, speak their  
thoughts, are few.—  
Indeed, who of his failing would betray the facts!

Tis not the priest, who loud descants—in pious  
wrath—  
Of thy declining grace, or with moist unction  
pleads,  
True sympathy of heart most feebleth for thy  
needs,  
Or knoweth best how soothe thy spirit, guide thy  
path.

'Tis not the swaggart trumpeter of actions brave  
That spurs the serried host to victory or death,  
Or by his presence awes the mob and bates its  
breath,  
Or leads the van—the weak to rescue, faint to  
save.

'Tis not the wheedling pettifogger—armed with  
calf  
And legal cap, due-parceled, bound with crim-  
son tape—  
In law most learned, tho' he contrive the fel-  
lon's 'scape,  
Snarl judges grave, and juries move to weep or  
laugh.

Nor doth the man of pomp, or plausible address,  
In fabric clad of costly loom—of conscious  
wealth,  
Dwelling in frescoed palaces, and vaunting  
health  
And honesty of purpose, yield thee truth's im-  
press.

Nor doth the ferreting physician's sharp probos-  
cis—  
Assuming nature's shad'wy depths to penetrate,  
To recognize in man the sick from normal state—  
From symptoms always guess the proper diagnosis.

Nor can the politician, when all other ways  
To fraud and theft (within the statute) are de-  
barred,  
For patriot's, or sage's, his own guise discard,  
And mount to heights where worth, abiding, meed-  
eth praise.

And before all, my son, beware those syren sweets  
Or smiles, behind which ever lurk such cruel  
freaks  
That robbed of his best, fondest hope, the man  
who seeks  
In them the charm idealty raises, contact cheats.

To understand the man, observe how throbs his  
heart;  
Learn whither tend his thoughts, and mark his  
ev'ry deed,  
Distinguishing, in him, the flower from the  
weed—  
The soul of him from that in him which plays a  
part.

## IV.

\* \* \*

Or chirping fancies frisk and leap  
From idle whims, and seize  
The effervescing thoughts that sweep  
The skies, o'er gale or breeze  
Or whirl with eddies, buff with tide,  
Or pierce the vapid mists,  
Or in the coach of humor ride,  
Or mime in comic lists.

\* \* \*

*A Poet's Introspect, (Page 18).*





*A SHADE.*  

---

Alone, a poet gazed upon the sea—  
Musing of man, and life, and destiny,  
And of the wiles by which they mutiny  
Our thoughts and aims, desires and energy.

The while he mused, twain stars, envisioned, passed  
So thoughtfully before him, that he read—  
Himself unseen—their inner depths, trance-fed  
By sea, and sky, and main, in reverie cast.

And as the vision glided o'er the strand,  
He knew it was of flesh—a low, pent moan  
Its heart escaping, heedless of his own  
So near—aspiring sympathy's warm hand.

Onward, afar, away—the image moved,  
Leaving behind a shadow he shall wait  
The substance of in vain—his soul elate,  
At times, with dreaming: “Might we not have  
loved!”

OCCULT.  

---

What is't that animates the child  
Shrink from the gloom of night?—  
With quickened pace, side-glancing wild,  
Throb to regain the light?—  
At every twig that snaps, a chill  
Feel shooting through each vein?—  
At sound or creak, that breaks the still,  
List', halt, and list' again?

What is't that prompts his whistle shrill,  
When threading in the dark?—  
The empty halls his terrors fill  
With sprites that bid him hark  
For footsteps on the barren stairs,  
And tappings at the sash?—  
Why doth the wind's moan crisp his hairs?—  
Why faints he at a crash?

What is't that goads him reach his hand  
Far out, as if to guide  
His way, yet shrink from—as a band  
Of fire—the wall beside,

'Till strained with groping for a gleam  
Of light, mid' direst gloom,  
There bursts—so long pent up—his scream:  
“Pa! Some one's in the room!”

What is't!—It is the natural dread  
Of marvels felt—not known,  
Of mysteries, nor 'live, nor dead  
Have ever solved or shown—  
A consciousness there rules some Power,  
For weal or woe, beyond  
The ken of man, or that brief hour  
We float o'er Life's Profound.

*MIS-ALLIED.*

---

Why question'd she if he a married man,  
When his broad rift of bald, mid' whiten'd hairs,  
And wrinkles—tokening domestic cares—  
Mark'd but too plainly how his youthful impulse  
ran?

He should have been (of that oft-cited ten) the one  
To never make mistakes, to meet the fate  
Rare born of early wooing.—Ah! too late  
He met her whom he should have waited for and  
won.

Aye! Tho' he might have wooed and wed a score  
of times,  
Tho' vows and altars from his side may bar  
Her sanctioned reign, she is the worshipp'd star  
His heart the sweetest incense wafts e'er moved to  
rhymes.

A SIGH.

---

“Alas! You did not kiss me? 'Tis too late, love,  
now!”

She murmur'd in the glare,  
And crowd—close-clustered there,  
Knowing that they must part  
For life.

Why could they not their love by soft caresses  
show?

Because the world's wise laws,  
And social rules—with claws  
Of iron—mark the chart  
Of life.

'Tis best, ere with the grief of fancied wrong  
aglow,

She lit his soul, deep yearned  
For hers, with spark that burned  
So pure it could but start  
In life.

## FAIR AND FALSE



Her dark eyes penetrate my soul,  
And all my senses ravish  
By their light;  
Yet I am warned she is a ghoul—  
With charms tho' decked so lavish—  
Bearing blight.

Her smile my heart doth magnetize—  
Melting my weak intention  
To her will;  
Yet calm reflections stigmatize  
Her face a sweet invention  
Framed to kill.

Her tones entrance—enraptured bind  
Me to her orders, fettered  
Like a slave;  
Tho' well I know that you will find  
Her tale—with shame so lettered—  
Hell might crave.

Her spell on earth may never break,  
But in its path destruction  
Scatter aye;  
Still hearts betrayed, for her sad sake,  
Pray that some better part may wake  
In her—for faith's instruction—  
Bye and bye.

FIRST LOVE'S ADIEU. *f*

---

It is throbbing in my veins, love,  
Thy hand-clasp at the gate,  
As blushing we heard, above,  
The old clock strike—so late.

It is thrilling through my soul, love,  
That last fond kiss of thine,  
Which rose from lips then wont to move  
Responsively to mine.

It is burning in my heart, love,  
That last fond glance you threw,  
As yearningly you waved your glove—  
First passion's sweet adieu.



IT CANNOT BE.

A RESPONSE.

---

You cross?—Nay! but anxious a trifle—  
Perhaps sad, at moments, to think  
Your friend, from whose heart you would rifle  
The pulses, is nearing the brink  
Of life's dread abysses, where stifle  
The hopes that here move as to drink  
Of love from pure streams  
Beginning in dreams,  
To oft' end in utterless woe.

Ah! 'Tis I might seem cheerless and cross,  
And tired, for impatience hath led  
Me to seek, with results to hope's loss,  
The pleasures here wanting, since dead  
Youth and sympathy's faith—the dry moss  
Of time hiding scars where love bled,  
'Till faded the dreams  
Once gilding life's streams—  
For joys now encouraged too late.

## QUESTIONING.

## I.

With half-reciprocation, how could she have asked  
Him to inscribe to her—by name—a verse, a line,  
From every echo of whose musings gleamed a  
mine  
Of love so rich that in its rays she might have  
basked?

## II.

Will the grand truth yet dawn she has not under-  
stood  
The inspiration lent to poesy by love—  
Whence, flaming, spring his symbols of the pow-  
ers which move  
To faith in her—as the epitome of good?

## III.

May she, when this vale's pilgrimage shall seem  
complete,  
One day recall what he was judged to idly sing,  
With eyes so changed that they shall feel awak-  
ening  
In wierd spheres—doubting if deserved their joys  
to greet?

## IV.

Or can she brood, long ere the ending, there may  
be

A gulf impassible—spreading their hearts be-  
tween,

Across which both may be so differently seen  
Their now sweet whim shall coldly glare—a phan-  
tasy?

## I FAIN WOULD SOFT PREACH HER.

AN ALBUM LEAF.

---

A rhyme to arch Emma?—  
Ah! Dastard the pencil  
    Would dare to aspire!  
Sweet, petite and charming—  
(The thoughts are alarming  
    My muse would inspire.)

(The dear little teacher!  
I fain would soft preach her  
    How fondly I live  
In hope I may reach her—  
A moment beseech her  
    Me lessons to give.)

Yet now that the pleasure  
Is open to measure  
    Her virtues in verse,  
I find me unequal  
To utter the sequel  
    My longings rehearse.

Why another word say?—  
Since my heart would betray  
    The feelings imbibed  
From manner, tone, face,  
And a form of such grace  
    As ne'er pen described.

## NOVEMBER TO MAY.

AN ALBUM LEAF.

Oh! "May," why did you sue cold, bleak  
"November"

To blight a leaf whereby you might remember  
How poor the thought whose springs must soon  
dismember?

Aye! May, my little friend, fresh, lovely, cheerful,  
Mementoes ask from visions bright—not tearful,  
And younger wits let make your album "Dear"-full.

For if the boys are now of the same gender  
They were when my old heart was naive and tender  
They'll sing you "Sweet," nor heed; "Will it  
offend her?"

So take your Book; nor doubt, in months ap-  
proaching,  
A dearth of gallants on its leaves encroaching  
With gentler themes than I dare think of  
broaching.

## BY THE SEA.

TO ———, A COQUETTE.  

---

I gave my promise—here my promise keep—  
To write; so now, as looking on the deep,  
Encrested sea, beside which all things seem  
But small, and you the smallest—aye, a dream  
Of dwarfing folly, (waken'd from, 'tis true,)  
I send the sketch (so idly asked) to you.

\* \* \*

God's mirror of the stars—old ocean blue—  
Heaves its grand symphonies, my senses through  
A thrill of awe inspires, yet peace and rest  
Brings to my troubled heart, invoking quest  
Of nobler hopes than life's small compass yields,  
And holier than spring earth's barren fields.

Thence landward drift my thoughts—upon the  
strand,  
No grain of which (tho' few will understand,)  
Less useful in the universal plan  
Than bird, or beast, or fish, or fowl, or man,  
And possibly with sense (if hid) as keen  
As man's, and heart as kind—perhaps as mean.

And thence my eyes revert to tender eyes  
That follow mine, as falling from the skies,  
They pause before the salt waves' broad expanse,  
Sweep o'er the surf, and meet a glowing glance  
From seas that mirror love, as deep, as true  
As ocean gleaming the infinite hue.

My hand seeks her's responding; gently bends  
Her form, to which divinity soft lends  
An image fashioned slenderly, with grace  
Vouchsafed so rarely here, methinks her place  
Would be more justly 'mid the naiads, crowned  
With purer laurel than in our world found.

And yet my soul to her outpours its love,  
The while she bends, each word to catch above  
The breakers' roar and sighing undertow,  
And echo back, with cadences so low  
They seem an angel's whisper: "Love, 'tis bliss  
With thee!"—her whisper sealing with a kiss.

Oh! kiss—sweet, pure, entrancing! Kiss divine!—  
Eclipsing all the suns the skies that shine,  
Dwarfing the ocean's majesty with love  
No other power above, below can move



To brave the elements—for of the soul  
Is love, and God's Infinity its goal!

\* \* \*

I trust my lines all that you hoped may seem,  
Altho' a picture like to read a dream  
To one whose heart has never felt, as yet,  
A deeper throb than moves the vain coquette,  
Who at the voice of lover scornful laughs,  
And deems more tuneful far the lowing calf's.

## SHE'LL UNDERSTAND.

I backward look'd, and caught her glance—

Her glance such volumes speaks,  
And wonder if it was mis-chance  
That beckoned me away;  
Or was't my court'sy doth enhance  
Her charm, that never seeks,  
Or sues, or courts, but—as in trance—  
Its vot'ry holds at bay?

Tho' onward I, yet backward e'er  
My thoughts revert, and dwell  
On that weird glance—from eyes that stir  
The soul with passion's wand,  
And wish that I had dared retrace  
My steps, and bravely tell  
How vain the struggle to efface  
My ———. AH! SHE'LL UNDERSTAND!

V.

\* \* \*

Or bubbling quirks the surface rise,  
To ripple for a trice,  
And bring a smile to saddened eyes—  
A moment loose the vice  
That shuts from sympathy its kin  
Or fellowship with mirth—  
Evoking transports that begin  
To mold athwart their birth.

\* \* \*

*A Poet's Introspect, (Page 19).*



*MY HOSTAGES.*  

---

Four children, ranging in their years  
From fourteen down to nine,  
Group round the board our ev'ning cheers—  
My faithful wife's and mine;  
And as the hours whirl fleetly by—  
At least for her and me—  
A thousand questions oddly ply,  
Amid their books and glee.

One boy demands: "Why, father, you  
Content to live so plain?—  
Of wiser men there are but few,  
I trow.—Not brilliant Blaine,  
Or bold Ben Butler, spite his wink,  
An abler President  
Could make than you—e'en, sooth, you think  
Their efforts vainly spent."

"Aye, father," interludes my next:

"Why not a soldier you?"

And following his brothers text:

"If what they say be true—

That is, the papers—Grant's a muff;

You're brave as he, and smart;

And if you only cared enough,

Might play as great a part."

"Nay! Pa were, better, Vanderbilt,"

Breaks, earnestly, my third,

(A girl, of course.) "Then he had built

A larger house, and stirr'd

The social world—with diamonds,

And richest robes, so decked

Us all, that none could vie—his funds

Have strown, and never recked."

My youngest had not ventured yet

Her sage admonishment;

Nor was it deemed she might offset—

To their astonishment—

By her naive speech, of simplest word,

Her elders' wisdom rare,

When, "PAPA!" Her small voice was heard:

"I LOVE YOU AS YOU ARE!"

“ My children, she most hap’ly reads,”  
Spake I, “as nature prints—  
Who faith, and love for kindred pleads,  
And on their lineaments  
Can with a deeper pleasure dwell  
Than in the false acclaim  
From fickle hearts, that idly swell  
The requiems of Fame.”

“ Behold your fond old mother, here,  
And on each other look!  
Then vision, if you can, the year  
Before her hand I took  
Into my keeping, with the pledge—  
So long as life should last—  
’Twould be my dearest privilege  
My fate with her’s to cast ! ”

“ Her fate, my boys and girls, in you  
Was merged, and with it mine—  
Since HOSTAGES, your mother, true,  
Gave me—THEIR FEATURES THINE—  
For fortune, fame, society—  
The gods of folly’s chase.—  
Aye ! You’re my soul’s satiety—  
My care, my hope, my grace !

"Fame's fleetly lost, when fairly won—  
And fairly won by few;—  
*Great* wealth, by honest dealing, none  
Have gained, that I e'er knew;—  
And it is custom's phrase to call  
"Society" *its masks*—  
Its joys, those cloy—its scenes, those pall—  
Its aims, those honor tasks.

"But you, my children! You, my wife!  
Leave me no wish for fame—  
No thought of wealth beyond the life  
Of HOME (of which the name  
Were, fitter, 'wealth' than that which ends  
Possession with the breath,)—  
NO THOUGHT OR WISH FOR AUGHT AMENDS  
YOUR LOVE—SURVIVING DEATH!"



## BONBONNIÈRE.

TO "NON PAREIL."



Dream'st thou, little candy-girl,  
The melting glances from thine eye—  
Sweeter than all the sweets I buy—  
Spin my emotions to a whirl  
Thou might'st suppress  
With one caress?

Thy winsome hands my bon-bons bind,  
Pray let me, sweet, in mine enfold  
Just long enough to prove their hold  
On my poor heart, which spurs my mind  
To bold confess  
Thy power to bless!

No?—Then, anon, should'st seek a friend  
From out the crowds that daily throng  
Thy mart—unmoved to love's wild song,  
Wilt kindly deign a carrier send  
With thy address?—  
(My answer guess.)

Fear not the "mallow's" thy dear fate,  
The "jujube's," or the "caramel's,"  
Shouldst yield thy charms to love that wells  
From founts which yearn to estimate  
Aught may oppress  
Thee, and redress.

Should I devour thee—with mine eyes,  
And with my lips—thy rose-bloom rain,  
And, love protesting, kiss again  
Thy hands, thy brow, thine all, sweet prize!  
Could'st thou repress  
My tenderness?

Ah! unto pleasures I would lead  
Thee, love, with me so *en rapport*,  
Our hearts should vie which most could court,  
Which best express, which gentlest plead  
The truths that bless  
This vale's duress.

Altho' 'tis not in letters writ  
How souls—by passion moved—may beat;  
Nor can the lute's soft chord repeat  
The melodies with love are lit.—  
May they possess  
Thee, Conjuress!

## A FEW CARRIER-MOULTINGS.

---

AGE MATTERS NOT TO ME.

If I were only twenty-five,  
My little Nell could *love* me;  
But (as near fifty I arrive,)  
She simply says she *likes* me!  
(Or is the word a blur?)

Yet I love her, as I'm alive,  
And by the Powers above me!  
If I were sixty, vain to strive  
The feeling hide that strikes me  
Whene'er I think of her!

---

DOLLY WOULD NOT WAIT.

Ah! Hapless hour—decreed  
The saddest of my fate,  
Since Dolly would not heed  
My spirit's bidding: WAIT!

For in my heart there burned  
The fire of hope, divine—  
Inspired by love;—I yearned  
My SUN, to-day, might shine!

## NO TIDING.

Is she ailing? I am; for no tiding  
    (Tho' due for two long days) of her  
From whose eye in vain I'd be hiding  
    The feeling with which hope doth stir  
    The innermost depth of my heart.

And I watch! And I wait! with dull longing  
    (The carrier's step may be heard,)  
To receive from the dear hand belonging  
    To me (in my dreams) but one word—  
    To soothe my tumultuous heart.

---

## A TANG-LEAF.

The bright sea-beach of Long Branch;  
    The breakers' peaceful woo;  
The grateful breeze; the guards' launch;  
    The yachtsmen, and their crew;  
The man from town, from wild ranche;  
    The children's playful coo;  
The changes—at each turn—Blanche,  
    Ne'er rob my thoughts from you!

DEPENDING UPON CIRCUMSTANCES.

A MARCH BALLAD.

---

I know a little maiden  
 Who grieved that she was born  
 When all things seemed upbraiden  
 By heaven—held in scorn  
 By earth and sky, so laden  
 With sleet from clouds forlorn,  
 I blame her not, since Eden  
 Her graces might adorn.

This maiden sighed : “ Why was I  
 Born in the month so drear?—  
 I hope ’tis not because I  
 Some penalty must fear  
 From sins or crimes ancestral  
 My generation shade  
 With omens borne on mistral,  
 ’Neath glooms nor break, nor fade.

“ I pray it may not augur  
 Ill-destiny for me—  
 A life of sorrow, mauger  
 The charm and peace I see,

On every side, to others  
Vouchsafed in some degree;—  
Alas! This March air smothers  
Joy and expectancy!”

When thus the maid had spoken,  
I took her hand in mine—  
A moment seized (ere broken  
Her current) to entwine  
Her waist, and gently press her  
My heart on—whisp’ring arch:  
“She—willing I’d caress her—  
Must have been born in March.”

She coyly pshawed and pouted;  
But I my theme pursued:  
“The month must not be scouted  
When thou first chirped and cooed.  
And know thee more:—If routed,  
Poor March, not I had wooed  
This small white hand, or doubted  
If e’er thou wouldst I should.”

“In March!—*Thou* born in March, sir?”  
My friend, protestful, asked;—  
(The winds you’ve seen the larch stir;  
With equal grace, when tasked

My love to list', and answer—  
 In altered tones, she plead:)  
 "March storms, near thee, enchant, sir;—  
 I knew not what I said!"

"Aye, sweet!" I added, 'Cases  
 Are changed by circumstance'—  
 Since hinge on fickle bases  
 All incidents of chance.  
 So things, if missed their places,  
 Will seem perplexed, perverse;  
 And ever lost are traces  
 Of hearts—no love to nurse.

"The soul—and not the season—  
 Hath faculty of tears;  
 The pulse—without a reason  
 Beats joy, defies the years.—  
 June, without thee, were dreary,  
 Whilst March, near thee, is heaven.  
 My life, thou guiding, cheery  
 Wakes;—vanished thou, 'twere riven."

A VALENTINE.

---

Of love accept an avalanche—  
Not borne on glaciers chill—  
But warming with caresses, Blanche,  
Thy heart and soul to thrill—  
Sweet currents burning to bestow  
On lips of cherry hue,  
On eyes that melt, and flash, and glow,  
On dainty hands that do—  
With grace—what love did beg requite—  
The *single* favor mine,  
Because, perhaps, the *first*—to write  
A name—dear, dearest, THINE—  
Made now MY VALENTINE.



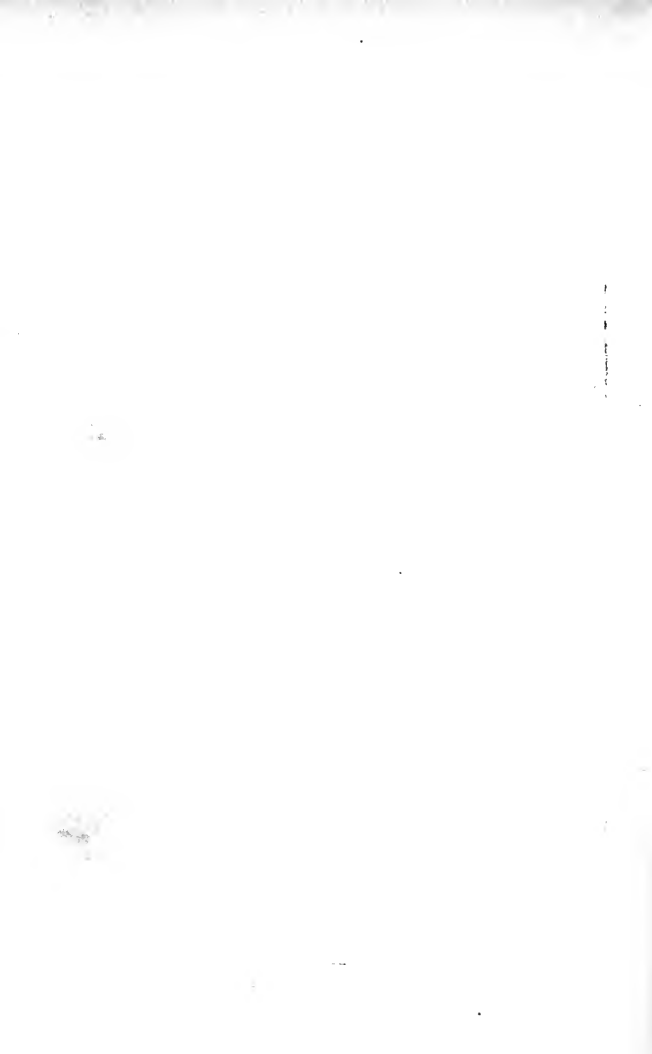
## VI.

\* \* \*

Or wild caprices, with their fumes  
And vapors, wierdly glow  
Above the hum of labor's looms,  
Yet far the stars below—  
In frolic verse, or rollic rhymes,  
Wild warbles fife, or freaks  
Fantastically ring on chimes,  
'Mid laughter's gleeful shrieks.

\* \* \*

*A Poet's Introspect, (Page 19).*



THE PORTENT.

---

So cheeringly she met him at the gate—  
As if his greeting she could hardly wait,  
And held, as her fond wont, in former time,  
To his her lips—sweet-perfumed, as with thyme,  
He thought regrets had come to his defense,  
Her heart resolved—with her recovered sense—  
To make his life less wretched than before—  
To show, earth held for him some peace in store.

A dinner, such as known he doted on,  
Lay spread so daintily, so noted on  
Its dishes care to please his appetite,  
He felt as if had entered a new light  
Upon his wedded fate, 'shamed to have learned,  
So late, how his glum shade and speech were  
turned  
Forgivingly in the remembrance kind  
Of her, to whose 'rapt int'rest he so blind.

And such an evening! Taper fingers dwelt  
So softly on the organ's keys, he felt  
Borne down the past, beyond their honeymoon,  
Reminded of its ending—all too soon—  
For reason, he, impulsive, could not mold  
To her's his abrupt ways, could not unfold,  
Weeks, months ago, the blossom—see how sweet!  
From her dear heart exhaling love complete.

And when the morning dawned, his angel rose  
Long ere he could his torpid lids uncloze.  
Descended, from the breakfast-room her voice  
Invited him to fruit—rare, ripe and choice,  
Yet whetted more his palate by her sigh  
At sorrow he so soon must bid good-bye.  
Mournful, she kissed adieu, in his her hand,  
When, struck her thought, as by a magic wand,  
She spake: "To-morrow, sweet, is opening-day.  
You'll not expect me, love, at home to stay?—  
AND MAY I HAVE ANOTHER HUNDRED? SAY!"

TWO ANTIQUARIAN MODELS.

APROPOS, HOWEVER, OF ALL AGES AND GENERATIONS.

---

THE FIRST.

HIS ST. VALENTINE'S ODE—TO HIS GRANDSON.

She purred so naively, my weak heart  
A tender palpitation felt;  
But when I stroked her, in good part,  
She scratched, and raised a cruel welt—  
The Cat!

So cunningly and soft she stole,  
My earnest moods and aims despite,  
Into my humors, that my soul  
Revolted at her vicious bite—  
The Serpent!

For every whim she wheedled me;  
Yet when meek I would humbly ask  
A grain of human sympathy,  
She'd kick, or balk it—as a task,—  
The Mule!

Now, if you would all these combine  
Of Eve's known graces, choose, you fool,  
A maid—to merge your fate condign,  
And thenceforth brook the fickle rule  
Of cat, of serpent and of mule.

## THE SECOND.

HER ST. VALENTINE'S ODE—TO HER GRAND-DAUGHTER.

Lone and silent he reposes,  
With such calm insouciance,  
That his bed seems one of roses  
'Till he grunts—and breaks the trance—  
The Hog!

Sinisterly he approaches,  
And the careless list'ner fills  
With the plaints a suitor broaches  
When he coos—'till dart his quills—  
The Porcupine!

By his own voice thrill'd with rapture,  
Wildly cackles he: "I'll give  
Every dollar I can capture  
For my service if you'll live!—"   
The Goose!

Ne'ermore seek, through long instalments,  
Romance here condensed in bulk;  
If you'd feel this life's enthrallments  
With acuteness, draw some hulk  
From the lottery of Hymen,  
On love's altar slip the noose,  
And be hence reminded by men  
Of hog, porcupine and goose!

JENNIE BRADSHAW. *g*

---

I.

“Oh! who was that girl, so dashing and blithe,  
Her features so charming and form so lithe,  
Of the hazel eye and roseate cheek,  
With an air of pride and a dash of pique,  
And the ‘witching smile of a gay coquette?—  
Oh! answer; who is this maid that I met—  
That with you in the private-box I saw,  
A night or two since at the opera?”  
I replied: “Tom, lovely Miss Jennie Bradshaw.”

## II.

“Who was that damsel, so gentle and sad,  
So queenly in air, and tastefully clad,  
With the melting brown orb, of hueless cheek,  
So noble in carriage, and yet so meek,  
With a seraph’s glance, and an angel’s smile—  
Full of expression and free from guile?—  
Oh! who was this maiden I saw with you,  
Arm-in-arm, promenading the avenue?”  
“Ah! Ned, she is peerless Miss Jennie Bradshaw.”

## III.

“Who was that maid at the Park, by-the-bye.  
Of the sweet modest face and swimming blue eye,

With daintiest form and a dimpled cheek,  
And a gypsy hat, and the charming freak  
Of a merry laugh, whose echo yet thrills  
Through the 'Ramble's' groves and miniature  
hills

In memory, since that lovely day?—

Oh! who is this lass, my good fellow, say? ”—

“Dear Jack, she's celestial Miss Jennie Bradshaw.”

#### IV.

“Hold on!” cried Sol, “I've a question to ask:  
Who was she, pray, in the dark-velvet basque,  
That entered the church last evening with you,  
And with whom you were seated in Deacon Job's  
pew?

She wore golden curls that shaded a face  
Refulgent with heavenly love and grace;  
And her eye—an intelligent, beaming gray—  
Made cheerful her smile, and winsome her way?”—  
“Why, Sol! My divinity, Jennie Bradshaw.”

#### V.

To every query of whom he saw  
With me, I would answer: “Jennie Bradshaw;”  
Whene'er the home-folks asked: “Whither to-  
night?”



Jennie Bradshaw was the cause of my flight;  
In church, at the theatre, or soirée,  
On the road, the avenue, or Broadway,  
In the Park, at the opera, ever the same—  
I always repeated that chosen name,  
Responding: "The darling! Miss Jennie Bradshaw."

## VI.

Hence, many an unwitting lass received  
This innocent christ'ning, and ne'er believed  
That thus her charms or faults were united  
To Jennie, whom the boys swore I had plighted,  
Because, whenever the question was made,  
I repeatedly answer'd the self-same maid—  
And her name had ever from doubt been free,  
But that one sad night, to supper with me  
I invited some friends who'd met "Jennie Bradshaw."

## VII.

"Jennie Bradshaw has a sweet hazel eye,"  
Commenced chum Tom, with a wink and a sigh;  
"Not hazel," hints Ned; "you mean a sad black;"  
"You're both wrong, boys; it's a soft blue," says  
Jack:

"It's gray!" cries Sol; "for I'll never forget  
Her pious glance in the church that I met."—

Thus, at my board, the discussion arose,  
Till at length, from mouth to mouth the cry  
goes:

“Let’s have a description of Jennie Bradshaw!”

### VIII.

“Dear Jennie’s a myth,” I finally spoke:  
“There’s no use longer concealing the joke,—  
That when my friends have, importunate, tried  
To learn the name of the girl at my side,  
Or the name of the lass with whom I’ve spent  
The morning or eve, evasive I’ve sent  
Them all, sincerely believing the same—  
That this of my rhyme is my charmer’s name.—  
So, boys, fill your bumpers; here’s ‘Jennie Bradshaw!’”

### IX.

Without drawing the moral my story presents,  
I’ll keep you a moment, to say that from thence,  
From the night of our supper to this of my  
rhyme,  
When I’ve been met with a lass, every time  
That I leave my door for a quiet call,  
I witness a smile, or a laugh in the hall.—  
My friends, with a grin or nudge by the way,  
Will point to the girl by my side, and say:  
“Prolific and charming Miss Jennie Bradshaw!”

## VII.

\* \* \*

Or satire. musing Damascene,  
Hypocrisy lays bare,  
And falsehood pricks with blade so keen  
That honesty seems fair,  
Sweet virtue for a moment blest—  
Alike for drones and plods,  
Rare truth aroused from stubborn rest—  
The scale of justice God's.

\* \* \*

*A Poet's Introspect, (Page 19).*



AMONG THE RECRUITS. *k*

## I.

I donned my hat, when read the news,  
And 'mong the soldiers took a cruise.  
I crossed the park, where spread the camp—  
Recruits heard curse, in quarters cramp—  
At mess espied them munch stale pork  
And hard-tack, without knife or fork—  
Caught speech of distant homes, when wept  
A few, whilst others fumed or slept;—  
Thence, as from charnel-house, I crept.

## II.

Threading, anon, the noisy street,  
My sight I doubted when 'twould greet—  
The first—Tom Smith, adown whose pants  
Coursed a stripe that shocked my glance.  
With woeful stare, I scanned his clothes,  
Exclaimed: "Poor Tom, where got you those?"  
"I signed while fuddled," he replied—  
As, waving an adieu, he sighed,  
And I, reflective, onward hied.

## III.

Before I'd walked another block,  
I felt a poke from musket-stock;

And Bradshaw, ever brimming fun,  
Hailed me with his burnished gun—  
To my grave asking: "What it meant,"  
Rejoined: "I hadn't left a cent;  
"My business dead, no more could find;  
"My pockets empty, fled my mind;  
"In fit of sheer despair I signed."

## IV.

I wished Jack Bradshaw best of cheer,  
And parting—not without a tear,  
Had bare renewed my promenade  
Ere on my arm a grasp was laid,  
And Johnson, *a la militaire*,  
Saluted me with pompous air—  
Responded to my question why  
He left his home—perhaps to die:  
"D'ye see these epaulettes, my eye?"

## V.

Leaving Johnson, arms akimbo,  
Strutting in his hotel window,  
I would have sped my way through town,  
But was arrested by old Brown.—  
Brown has a family and wife—  
The last a torment to his life.

Anent I spake, he cried: "From you  
Vain to conceal, my wife's a shrew.—  
Pray! save enlist, what could I do?"

## VI.

After, came Jones—Brown's former clerk—  
Embreeched and turban'd like a Turk.  
The while I paused, he screwed his eye  
As if he might, but would not cry.  
His face was pale, his form was bowed,  
And on his forehead sate a cloud.  
I'd not revert to—well I knew—  
What made the fellow look so blue:  
*Tho' she'd proved false, his love was true!*

## VII.

Of the many "braves" I've met,  
Self-confessed stands each, as yet,  
He 'listed desperate or drunk,  
From thwarted love or business sunk,  
For commission, or subsistence  
Or to 'scape a damned existence.—  
While breath with smoke or liquor teemed,  
He brooding, weak, or thoughtless seemed,  
And ne'er of coming battle dreamed.

THE MERCENARY WOMAN. *m*

---

She seemed so fresh, so bright, so pure,  
When first I scanned her face,  
I could have sworn—I felt so sure—  
Her heart was in its place;  
But ere we could our views exchange  
On half a dozen themes,  
I found she was quite out of range  
Of my poetic dreams.

I did imagine hers might be  
A sympathetic heart—  
Her eyelids drooped so pensively,  
So quick the red did start  
To cheek and brow whene'er I spake  
Of dear domestic things;  
She seemed—truth owned—to almost make  
Me doubt less she wore wings.

Soft, melting eye, and gentlest tone;  
Complexion of the rose;  
With bust of Hebe, and such a zone  
As waist of nymph might close;  
How commonplace they all did seem,  
When dropping but a phrase,  
She suddenly dispelled my dream—  
My momentary daze !



A wretched sentiment, expressed  
Through beauty's cherry pout;  
A look, when cruelly impressed  
On features souls might rout;  
An act or movement, to denote  
The face is but a mask,  
The soft voice but a syren's note—  
Who'll my conclusion ask?

My pretty guest did but observe:  
"We never could agree;  
My style he could not well preserve,  
He was so poor, you see."  
Yet, that one thought, with its context  
Of mercenary pride,  
Led me to pray, the woman next  
I met, her greed might hide.

Indeed, cracked tones and crippled form,  
And features creased with care—  
So long as under all glows warm  
A heart—seem far more fair  
Than faultless figure, mellow strain,  
Or dimpled cheek, bright-hued,  
A woman masking—cold and vain,  
With lucre's thirst imbued.

## HE CAN PLAY ON THE PIANO.

---

He's a dwarfish, curly fellow,  
Cannot brew, or baste, or knead,  
Plow or reap the fallow mead,  
Hoe or plant the yielding seed,  
Delve or trade, indite or plead;—  
Then,—why thus his presence bellow?

Charon's muses cannot help it;  
For know, this bright *icono*  
(Like leper in a bagnio,  
Or kite on isle guano,)  
*Has forte*—at the piano.—  
“Drown his thrum!” The styx dogs yelp it!

He can play on the piano;  
But his list'ners!—Can they bide  
Agonizing strains that tide  
O'er the keys, where wildly stride  
Art's *rare* touches?—They'll decide,  
With me: Give praise *morgano*!

## SACREDLY INVESTED.

A MILLION DOLLARS!—They would yield,  
 At four per cent, (the ruling rate  
 Since Billionaires have won “the field”  
 From freedom’s sway, and mold the State,)  
*Forty thousand dollars yearly—*  
 Tho’ said principal now bears naught  
 Save that piety which, queerly,  
 Thinks “put,” “call,” and “straddle” bought  
 For “futures” can be, in God’s TEMPLE.

THE CONGREGATION must have deemed  
 Their Million well invested, since  
 The *Sal’ry* of their *Mouthpiece* seemed  
 A bagatelle—altho’ a Prince  
 Whose titles (in more than one land)  
 Are at a discount, would be glad  
 Of *per annum Twenty Thousand*  
*Him* to save from the VERY BAD.—  
 AN ELEEMOOSINARY SAMPLE.

Then, again, the *Undertaker*,  
 (And his satellites—the ushers,)  
 “Classic” choir, and organ-slaker,  
 And that band of milk-and-mushers

Yclept as "trustees," "deacons," "elders,"  
 With the sev'ral "incidentals"—  
 Not omitting the waste gilders  
 Charged to "*tracts*" and "fundamentals,"—  
 Make SALVATION quite a GAMBLE.

Calculate the problem, slowly:—  
 Ninety thousand dollars, you'll find,  
 Mark the "chips" so high, the LOWLY—  
 (If they think the Eyes of God blind  
 By the spire gold has erected,  
 Or from heaven all save pew own,  
 As from church, by saints ejected—)  
 View their "chance" a very rue one.—  
 So the humble, Sundays, ramble.

"Pshaw! Damn the humble! Why heed we  
 Misery, hunger, want or thirst  
 Out of wealth's pale?"—Gold speaking thus, 'curst  
 Deems his priest faith meek, barefooted,  
 And God's Ministry, 'neath sky's dome—  
 'Curst all piety not rooted,  
 Hard and cold, to the stones that tomb  
     Hundreds now dead  
     For want of bread!  
 Hymns he: "Scramble! All's a gamble!"

## TO MY CRITIC.

Are you, whose pen would annotate a text of mine,  
By judgment guided one whit riper—more divine  
Than other men's?

Whose gift the better to select,  
Than you, the words should dress your thought?  
Would you reflect  
My moods, then, or my whims?

Sooth grant, with my sense none  
Can phrase or weld accordantly as I have done,  
Since no machine doth work like mine of Jove's in-  
voice—  
Or will, so long as Procreation's Pow'rs rejoice.

My mold distinct from your's as David's from St  
Mark's—  
As Milton's from Dean Swift's, or Scott's or Jared  
Sparks'—  
As Byron's, Bolingbroke's, or Goldsmith's from  
Montaigne's —  
As Pope's, or Sheridan's, or Lamb's from G. F.  
Train's—

As Bulwer's, or as Thackeray's from Joaquin Miller's,  
 Or any prosing screed's, or rhyming caterpillar's—  
 Of all the medley memory may nimbly trill,  
 From Clio's phalanx, life and legend leave us still.

Therefore, my bent no worldling may presume enjoin  
 To change old words, remodel new, or phrases coin  
 From my impress, to give a glimmer of the loin  
 The brain, called mine, doth guide, or brain my  
     loin doth run—  
 (No matter where to end, or wherefore either  
     spun,)  
 The loin and brain my lot—than those of other men  
 More true to me—of equal use and worth, I ken,  
 To the Occasion First, the Cause of them and me,  
 Or Aim that squirms life's puppets in the span or sea  
 Of Jove's Infinitude.

To me, at least, mine bring  
 More pleasure than from other web or woof may  
     spring—  
 More certainly than his whose pastime is to sting,  
 And not to heal, the suffering sense—of blunders  
     ring

The birth—for festers root—for flowers snuff that  
stale—

For stench grope and ferret—balms refuse in-  
hale.—

Such will full tribute pay his morbid spleen's de-  
mand—

His humid exudations spread with rancorous hand  
O'er my free pages, tributary to his brand

Not less than to the reader who shall, keen, descry  
Herein a target for grim satire's mockery;

Or to the heart, indulgent, smiles, or laughs in glee  
At conning stanzas that affect it mirthfully;

Or to responsive thought, from which my verse  
shall call

Forth grateful echoes; or to currents, found in all

So varying with humors, circumstances, years,

They'll move some to reflection, some to jests, some  
sneers.

Alas! Sir Gloatful Critic? How could you survive,  
Except, behold! the opportunities arrive

(As, now and then, rash amateurs rush into print,)   
To pen your variations on the threadbare hint—

Your theme: "A book's a book, altho' there's noth-  
ing in't?"

Indeed, so often troped and cited, without stint,  
By you this pregnant judgment on the unfledged  
scribe  
Dare brook your with'ring censure, stricture, glance  
or gibe,  
'Twould be your blazoned motto, and surmount  
your crest  
If heraldry had not been flouted, put to rest  
With other barb'rous relics of earth's feudal age,  
As critics will be, in the next, who carp and rage  
Amid the scandals mark our growing daily page.

Meanwhile, Jove save your shadow for the place it  
fits—  
As truly your's as clown's or drudge's, bard's or  
wit's  
Are their's respectively. As dear, as due, your  
right  
As an appendix to my mime of Pean's flight  
To hang your knotted lash, as my own restless  
boy's  
To tail the Japan hawk with which he, sportive,  
toys,—  
Especially, since each his plaything so enjoys



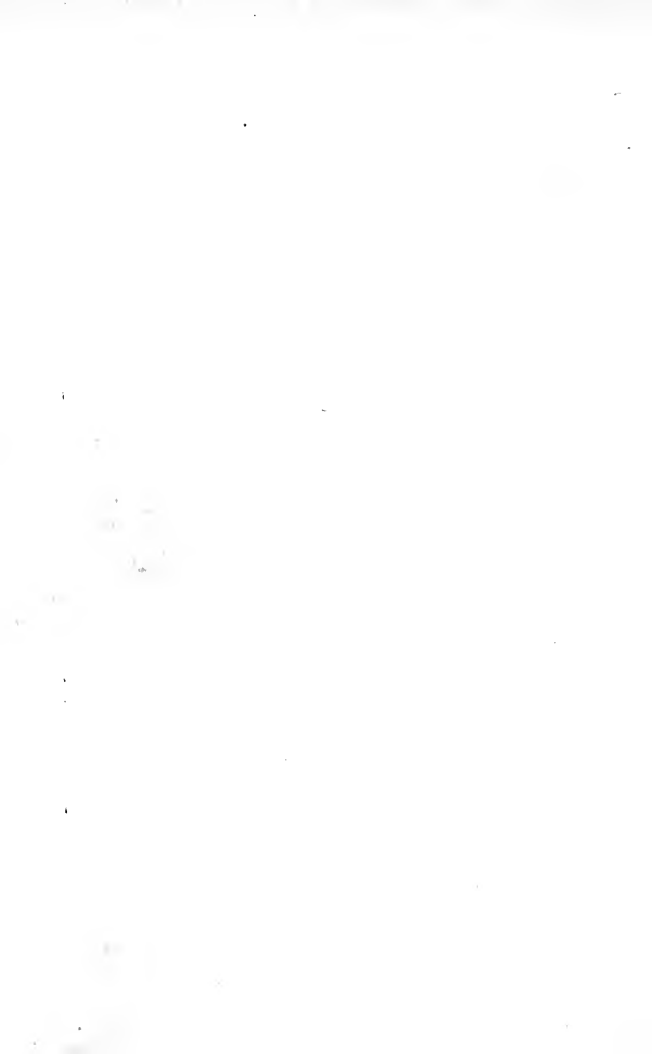
To see cavorting in the winds that sweep the sky—  
The boy, because he'd have his captive soar and fly  
Beyond the stars—if storms might wait and cord  
might last;

And you, my critic, that a gale might swell—to  
blast

Your kite, and drive it earthward—to be thrust  
Mid' briars, or swamps, or stones, or trampled in  
the dust.

My conscience frank and free, contentedly I wait  
Each new diversion, frown, crank, freak or turn of  
fate—

As I have humbly, hap'ly learned to do, of late,  
Invoking Jove may suffer you to wisely rate  
My Lays, as they shall merit, in His broad estate—  
Assessed and taxed, according as they may belong  
To marsh or fallow—with His harvest land along,  
Or rankling His salt-meadow—and not worth a  
song.



## NOTES.

a. (Page 32.) First printed in the *American Art Journal*, September 17, 1881.

b. (Page 54.) "MY SPRING IS HERE" was first published in the *N. Y. Daily Graphic*, March 22, 1884.

c. (Page 72.) This poem originally appeared in the *American Art Journal*, June 25, 1881. With the exceptions noted below (and a few others unnecessary to her particularize), "MY SANCTUM" is the author's earliest metrical essay contained in these pages. Its interest may, possibly, seem confined to his surroundings, or personal to his situation, at the time of its appearance—when his offices (as well Sanctum, or study,) pleasantly faced Union Square on the west.

A congenial neighbor, at the period referred to, was Mr. Thoms, the proprietor of the *Art Journal*—to whose publication "MY SANCTUM" was naturally contributed.

d. (Page 80.) "IN MEMORIAM" was an impromptu (tho' very inadequate) tribute to the memory of Miss Alice C. Earl, formerly Secretary to the author, who died, of hereditary consumption, on September 11th, 1884, and whose obsequies were observed from her late home, in Newark, N. J., on the 14th of the same month. Within two years prior to her decease, both of Miss Earl's parents had succumbed to the same dread malady; so that her death may be said to have been pre-determined, no less than premature.

f. (Page 114.) This trifle was originally published in 1865—tho' among the earliest of the writer's essays at versification; and it is now accessible through its having been cut from print and preserved in the scrap-book collection of a friend.

g. (Page 145.) "JENNIE BRADSHAW," produced first in the *N. Y. Weekly Mercury*, in June, 1861. is accessible under circumstances similar to those last above mentioned.

k. (Page 151.) "AMONG THE RECRUITS" was published in the N. Y. *Sunday Times*, in the summer of 1861, when the fever of patriotism burned at so high a degree that it was deemed a necessary precaution, by the manager of that paper, to editorially disavow all responsibility for its expressions. A few incidents to its appearance (which might be historically interesting and pertinent, in other connections,) it is not required to detail here.

The rhymes (for they may, at least, be so designated,) annotated f, g and k, are (with the exception of his first metrical composition—in August, 1856,) the author's only attempt at versification prior to 1881, which have been preserved. The exception parenthesized—called "THE MISSION PRIEST"—was printed in the *Mercury*, of which the literary department was conducted by Mr. Newell (Orpheus C. Ker,) in 1861. Indeed, with these exceptions, all the earlier offspring of the author's muse (as well as prose manuscript, and the plans or germs of verse,) were destroyed by conflagration, in the month of April, 1878. His verses, at that time lost, were a small part of the writer's accumulated work—literature having been formerly his avocation for a livelihood. These statements are made, not in any mood of regret, but as matters of fact—to which may be added: With the three exceptions above indicated, the verses contained in this volume are published—as they were written—for the author's personal diversion, as will (or may have been) inferred from their tone and substance, or their want of either or both. And with the exceptions annotated, none of the verses herein contained have ever before appeared in published form or print.

m. (Page 154.) "THE MERCENARY WOMAN" first appeared in the *American Art Journal*, of December 10, 1881.







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